THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 23, 1929
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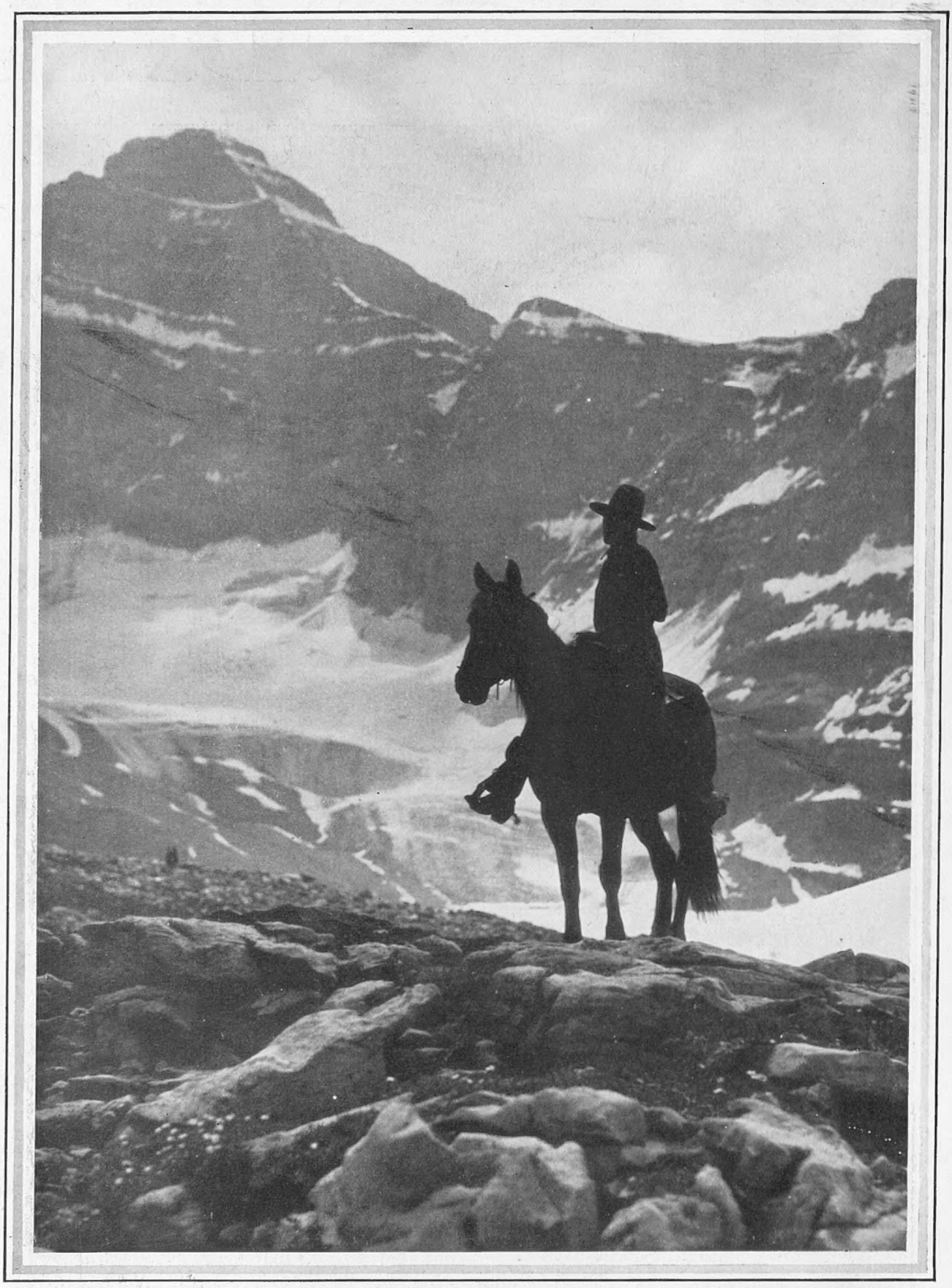
The BYSTANDER

Lafayette

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK

The charming wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck, the Secretary of the German Embassy in London. She and her husband spent the Christmas holidays at Schonnhausen, the Prince's ancestral home

"The WATCHER on the THRESHOLD"



H. Armstrong Roberts

A Canadian mounted policeman strikingly silhouetted against mountain and sky on the border between Canada and the United States. The American Press is at present very excited about the activities of bootleggers on the Canadian frontier

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

writes on

GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY

No. I. Mrs. Siddons

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

No student of the theatre can fail to be aware that Sarah Siddons, *née* Kemble, better known to theatregoers as "The Happy Little Dutch Girl," was born in 1755. At the age of six she was already a high-spirited, beautiful creature, with a rose-leaf complexion and a fine set of teeth, on observing which her father decided to make her an actress. He therefore caused her to be trained in elocution, which was then considered necessary to an actress; and often the indefatigable man would himself engage in dramatic dialogue with his daughter, the better to equip her for her future.

"That, Sarah," he would say, "is not *firm* enough. The head slightly higher, the right foot advanced."

And the charming but obedient girl would begin again:

"How much? *How* much? And does that include full-page photograph *and* interview? What? *Will I take two-thirds and a dozen cases of the face-cream instead?* Baby, are you nuts?"

In this way the girl acquired a good delivery, and in due course became a fine actress. It was in her sixteenth year (1771) that the incident occurred which has surrounded her name with so much fame. One afternoon, walking along the wild coast of Northumberland, she noticed a ship in distress far at sea. Her natural kindliness of disposition at once asserted itself, and turning to her father she said, "Father, look at that ship being wrecked yonder!"

MRS. SIDDONS: A recent portrait

"About to be wrecked," corrected her father, who was known as "Honest Abe," and was rather a precisian. "The right arm," he added, "outstretched, forefinger extended, the other fingers slightly bent, the expression one of amazement mingled with apprehension."

"Oh, go on, 'Abe,'" said a Mr. Golightly, who happened to be present. "You were young yourself once."

By this time Sarah had run off on her errand of mercy. A boat lay on the seashore, and pushing it out the intrepid girl began rowing strongly, for she plied no mean oar. "Wait!" cried her father, "we will come with you!" "The blazes you will!" shouted the sweet girl, already far out at sea.

"Oh, go on, 'Abe,'" said Mr. Golightly, giving Mr. Kemble a slight push, "get off the stage a bit. You were young yourself once."

So saying Mr. Golightly took Mr. Kemble by the arm and they hurried off to telephone the newspapers; and by the time Sarah returned with the shipwrecked passengers and crew there were fully 45 reporters on the beach. She stepped out of the boat with a flashing smile.

"I attribute my success," she said in a clear voice, "to the use, day in, day out, of Osodink Dentifrice: this is not merely a dentifrice which keeps the teeth dazzlingly white on all social occasions, but a valuable antiseptic as well. My dressing-room would be unfurnished without a flask of Osodink."

"I attribute my success to the use, day in, day out, of Osodink Dentifrice"

"The Duke of Wellington, I presume?"

"I beg your pardon," said a polite gentleman with a notebook and a curly moustache, "but you *are* Grace Darling, are you not?"

"Oh, if you like," pouted the girl roguishly.

Ever after that day she was known as Sarah Siddons, or Grace Darling. Her reputation as a skilful lifeboat-woman was to stand her in good stead before long, for in 1796 she was given a part in "Hamlet," playing opposite Kean himself.

It was not long before the imperious and highly artistic temperament of the great actor came into conflict with Sarah Siddons's own wealth of character, and rehearsals proved stormy. In the first place Kean could never play anything at rehearsals unless he had standing by him a complete stranger named J. Featherstone Smith, holding a grey cockatoo on a perch in one gloved hand.

The man Smith had to have an aunt with relatives in Bath, wavy fair hair and a slight cast in his right eye, and some acquaintance with a poem by Campbell containing the line:

"And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

Otherwise Kean would simply walk to and fro on the stage flinging up his hands and saying "Oh, my God, I can't play! Oh! my God!" It will therefore be obvious that Sarah's task was no light one, especially as men named J. Featherstone Smith answering to all the above qualifications are not found every day—not complete strangers, at any rate. And even then Kean was difficult.

"Stand a little to the right, Sarah," he said one day. "To the *left*. Well, a bit to the right. Oh, Heavens above, *left* a bit! Left! No, no, no, no, *no*."

"Oh, my God. I can't play! Oh, my God!"

Here he walked up and down for some time with his head in his hands, groaning. "You enter R," he continued, "place papers on table R back, cross to L. Now. Enter *left*, girl, *left*. Oh, for the love——"

"Look here, Mr. Kean," said Sarah, stepping up to the "Boy Whirlwind," "you know a lot about Shakespeare. What do you know about life-insurance?"

This took Kean all aback, for he knew next to nothing about this, whereas Sarah had discussed the whole subject, while saving the crew and passengers of the wrecked ship, with a Mr. Trillollo, who had swum alongside to the shore.

"She had you there, 'Nifty,'" laughed the Duchess of Devonshire, who happened to be in the theatre; and Kean was forced to acknowledge that the brilliant, wayward beauty had defeated him. Henceforward all London was at Sarah's feet. Her genuine interest at this time in Woman Suffrage caused her to be known as "The Gibson Girl." In 1815 the victory of Waterloo found her a firm supporter of the Opposition, and a good story is told of her meeting with Wellington at a *fête* in Hyde Park.

"The Duke of Wellington, I presume?" she said with some *hauteur*.

The Duke bowed in his grim old fashion.

"*I thought as much*," said Mrs. Siddons with bitter sarcasm, sweeping past.

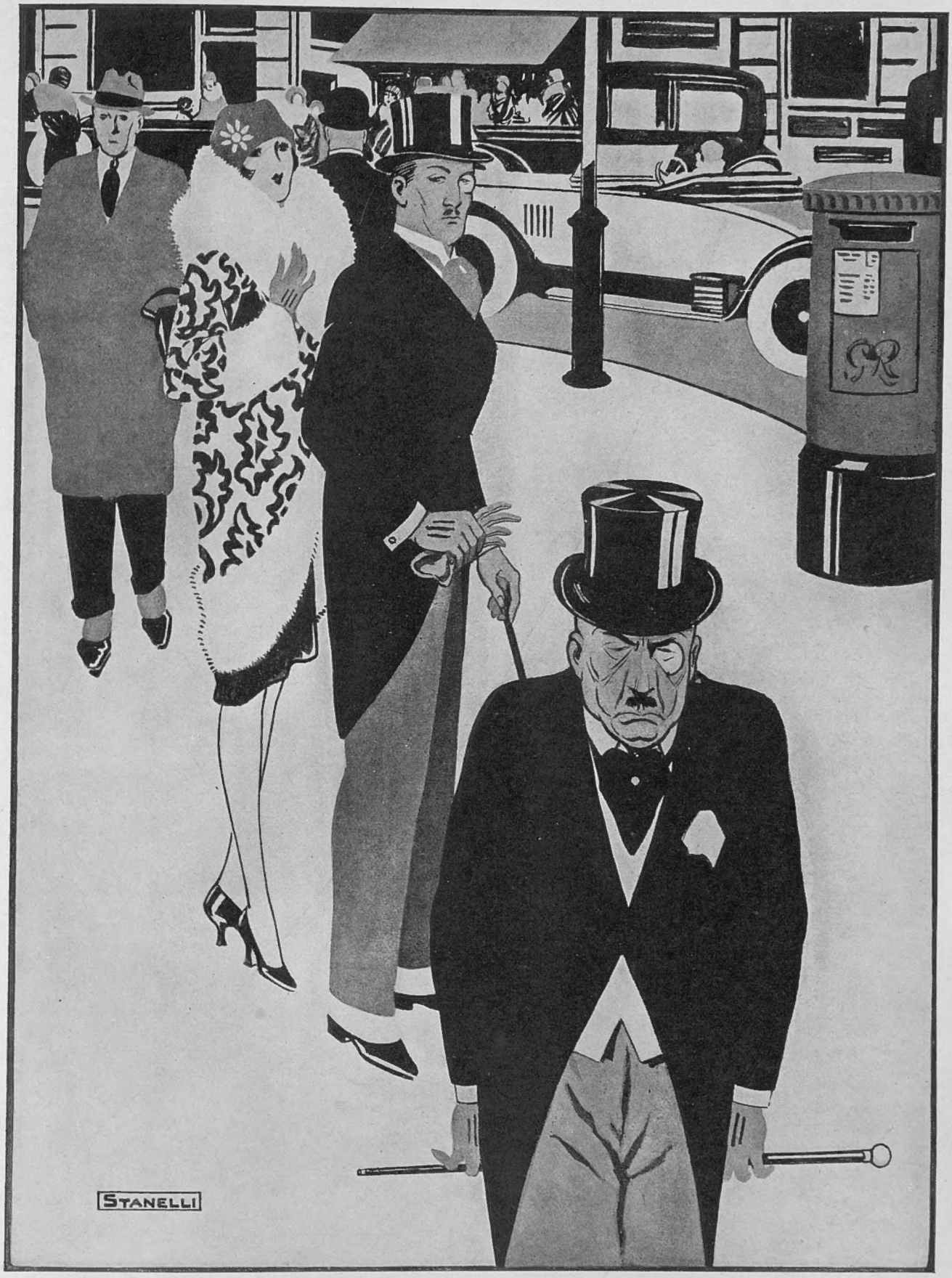
"A complete stranger named J. Featherstone Smith"

The Iron Duke never recovered from this innuendo, and Mrs. Siddons herself died in 1831, which shows that nobody can ever tell what is going to happen.

D. B. W. L.

NEXT WEEK: THE DOLLY SISTERS

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for Mr. Wyndham Lewis's strict adherence to programme, but it is reasonably certain that there will be another Girl Who Has Made History next week.



BY STANELLI

"*There's poor old Plantagenet. He's come an awful cropper on the Stock Exchange*"
"*Really?*"
"*Rather! He's even having to have his last season's Rolls turned!*"

Four Charming Fiancées

The top photograph shows Miss Aileen Kyrle-Smith, only child of the late Mr. Evelyn Kyrle-Smith and of Mrs. Smith, of Oxton Hall, Notts. She is to marry Mr. William Henry Kingsmill, of the Grenadier Guards, only son of Lt.-Col. Kingsmill, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

In the lower photograph is Miss Magdalen King-Hall, the authoress, daughter of Admiral Sir George King-Hall, who was married last Saturday to Mr. Patrick Perceval-Maxwell. She is shortly writing specially for "The Bystander"

At the top is Miss Margaret Cecil, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Evelyn Cecil and Lady Cecil. She is to marry Commander Herbert Cambridge Lane, R.N., at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on February 7

The lower photograph shows Miss Joyce Burnett, only daughter of the Rev. C. P. Burnett and Mrs. Burnett. She is marrying Mr. Robert Adeane, son of Mr. Charles Adeane, the Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire. Her father is Vicar of St. Barnabas, Marylebone

who & where & when

THE BIG "DOINGS" OF THE WEEK

Lady Bailey arrives at Croydon after her 18,000 miles flight, and is met by two of her daughters, Noreen and Mary Ellen, and goes home as though it was a matter of small concern! Hats off to Lady Bailey!

Our Frontispiece

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK, whose photograph forms THE BYSTANDER frontispiece this week, is the wife of Prince von Bismarck, who is at the German Legation. She is a member of an old Swedish family, and has already become a popular member of Diplomatic Society in London.

On one side the Prince is the grandson of the "Blood and Iron" Prince Bismarck, who created the German Empire and virtually ruled it from 1870 until his dismissal by the ex-Kaiser, and on the other of Countess Hoyos, who was English and the daughter of Mr. Whitehead, the inventor of the torpedo.

His father was that Count Herbert Bismarck whose lifelong devotion to his great father had a parallel in England in the devotion of the late Lord Harcourt, "Lulu," to his father, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Count Herbert Bismarck, as he then was, married one of Countess Hoyos's daughters.

A Romance

COUNTESS HOYOS'S marriage was a romance. When the English Admiralty turned its back on Mr. Whitehead's invention it was taken up by the Austrian Government, and a factory was established at Fiume under the inventor's direction. One day his daughter, sitting at an open window, saw a party of Austrian sailors, led by a naval officer, pass by in the street below. The lady looked down at the officer; the officer looked up at the lady. It was literally a case of love at first sight. The officer was Count Hoyos. He sought the lady's acquaintance, and in spite of some opposition on the part of his family, because Miss Whitehead was not of noble birth, they were married. And an ideally happy marriage it proved to be.

For many years Countess Hoyos had a house in London, and she also used to entertain a great deal at Paddockhurst, in Sussex, which was bought by the late Lord Cowdray when her father, Mr. Whitehead, died. Paddockhurst now belongs to Annie Viscountess Cowdray.

Both Prince von Bismarck's Hoyos uncles, like himself, were in Diplomacy, but the elder, the present Count Hoyos, took over the management of the torpedo works at Fiume a good many years ago.

A Beautiful Peeress

THE death of Earl Howe makes one of the loveliest women in England, Viscountess Curzon, a Countess. In these days it has become a *cliché* to say that a mother looks as young as her daughter, but in the new Lady Howe's case, when you see her with her twenty-one-year-old son and nineteen-year-old daughter it is difficult to believe she is not their sister.

The new Earl Howe achieved distinction for his intrepid pluck in meeting very unpleasant and organised heckling when he was standing for a constituency on the south side of the river. He likewise has a record in police-court fines for his passionate disregard of speed limits.

The Howes used to have a fine place in Leicestershire, Gopsall Hall, where the late peer and his first wife, who was a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, frequently entertained King Edward. Gopsall now belongs to Lord Waring.

Royalty on a Front Door Step

IN London Lord Howe had Curzon House, in Curzon Street, which you may remember was rented by the Duke and Duchess of York after they gave up White Lodge, in Richmond Park. But after the death of his first wife Lord Howe lived in it very little, preferring a smaller house down the street, next door to his son and daughter-in-law.

Apropos of the Duke and Duchess

WONDERFUL VIEW OF A GRAFTON FIELD

Moving off with the Grafton. A picturesque scene at the meet at Radstone. The Grafton country, which lies in

Miss Barbara Guinness, daughter of the Joint-Master of the Grafton, seen at the Radstone meet. She is a member of the well-known Guinness family, being of the collateral branch of the now extinct Barony of Ardilaun

of York renting Curzon House, it was the first time, I believe, since the reign of George III that the son of a Sovereign lived in a house with its front door opening directly on to a street. In that reign the then Duke of York had a house in Connaught Square.

January Parties

JANUARY is showing up with quite a good crop of parties, despite the depletion of the departed ones for the Swiss slopes and blue Riviera skies—cold blue! Almina Lady Carnarvon gave a large dance in her house, which is one of those desirable residences in the Seamore Place cul-de-sac at the top of Curzon Street, where the noise of the traffic is quite negligible and the view of Hyde Park from its top windows pre-eminently pastoral.

Taking a Night Off

HARLEY STREET appeared to have taken the night off for the occasion, as well as many pretty members of the staff of Lady Carnarvon's nursing home. I saw Mr. Tommy Openshaw, just returned to his knife-ly duties after the relaxation of a fishing holiday. They do say a surgeon's hands have the ideal touch for a fly-rod. Also there was Mr. Philip Franklin, the American throat specialist, who also acts as a *liaison* between English specialists and distinguished United Staters who may find themselves over here and in need of a few repairs but ignorant of our best mechanics. The Hon. Henry Lygon, Lord Beau-

The Earl of Dudley seen after catching two fine salmon on the Benchill beat of the Tay. He is accompanied by the Countess, formerly Miss Gertie Millar, the actress. One fish was an eighteen pounder and the other a sixteen pounder

DANCING WITH AN ENGAGED GIRL

Northants and Bucks, adjoins the Pytchley, Bicester and Warden Hill, Whaddon Chase and Oakley countries

champ's brother, was also dancing, though, for preference, I have no doubt, he would sooner have been at his favourite Bridge table at the Bath Club.

The Vulgar Boatman

A HOSTESS towards the end of the month is Mrs. Reginald Coke, Mark Hambourg's sister, who lives next door to Sybil Thorndike when that actress is in Chelsea. Mrs. Coke is giving the dance for her daughters, and on the invitation I read, "Russian Ballet Costume, if possible." Well, well, one can always borrow a hat and go as the vulgar boatman!

Many Congratulations!

REALLY, to dance with an engaged girl involves one in such a gust of enthusiastic greetings and that embarrassing business of silently smiling while her friends, but your strangers, bombard her with affectionate congratulations, that if you're not careful you begin to think you may be engaged to her yourself! At least, I had some such thoughts while dancing with Miss Zita Jungman the other evening. She is engaged to Captain Arthur James, who was in the Grenadiers.

A charming portrait of Viscountess Curzon, whose husband now succeeds to the Earldom of Howe on the recent death of his father

Miss Helen Wills, the world-famous lawn tennis player, whose engagement to Mr. Frederick S. Moody, a stockbroker of San Francisco, has been announced

A Renowned Father

MISS JUNGMAN, who, Lady Eleanor Smith tells us, objects to being called a Bright Young Person, lives with her mother and stepfather, Mrs. and Mr. Richard Guinness, so that one seldom hears of her quite renowned father. He is a Dutch painter and

THE RETURN TO PRINCELY SCHOOLS

A picturesque view of Canford Manor, Dorset, one of England's new Public Schools, and at one time the beautiful country seat of the Wimbornes. Canford is the only Public School in England that has its own horses, stables and grooms, and the only one in the world to have a Royal Tennis court. Owing to the demand for vacancies, £100,000 is being spent on the extension of the buildings

Lord Birkenhead seen with his youngest and very attractive daughter, Lady Pamela Smith, at Funchal, Madeira, in thoughtful mood. Perhaps "F.E.," as he is known to his intimates, is wondering how to meet Lord Rothermere's attack upon the Conservative Party as lukewarm Socialists

sculptor, which explains Miss Jungman's most un-English surname. He lives in a Kensington studio and is chiefly interested in the restoration of old pictures, and a few years ago discovered a Holbein behind a piece of nondescript canvas.

A Witty Author

ON Saturday last one of THE BYSTANDER'S future contributors was married. This was Miss Magdalen King-Hall, the witty author of "A Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." Her husband was Mr. Patrick Perceval-Maxwell—so she will still keep a hyphen in her name—whose family estate in Ireland adjoins that of her father, Admiral King-Hall. Miss King-Hall has a lively, attractive personality, and in conversation her face assumes the animation of her thoughts. We remember, not so very long ago, at a dance of the last season, sitting with her and patiently waiting to hear the best and the worst from a fortune-teller. So popular was the desire to hear the "witch's untold wisdom" that we seemed to have to wait the entire evening. But we don't know if Miss King-Hall learnt then of her approaching marriage. In fact, from what the fortune-teller told us, we should think it most unlikely.

This Year's Debrett

THE 1929 edition of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* is as comprehensive a work as it has been in past years, and is invaluable as a book of reference for the library, apart from the certain fascination it possesses in its interesting, and perhaps not commonly known, facts about titled personages. Features of the 1929 edition are the titles conferred during the past year on the Prince of Wales and the then Prince Henry. The former receiving the additional title of "Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets," and the latter, of course, is now known as the Duke of Gloucester.

In Next Week's Number
ETHEL MANNIN
Contributes a Short Story
"IN THE NEWS"
and
D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS
writes on
Queen Boadicea in the second of his new series
GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY

NORWAY and SWEDEN RE-UNITED

Photographs

Central News and Keystone

Princess Martha of Sweden, whose engagement to Prince Olaf, the Crown Prince of Norway (inset), has been officially announced, thus making a strong link between the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden. Princess Martha is the daughter of Prince Carl, brother of the King of Sweden, and BYSTANDER *readers will remember that a rumour of this engagement appeared in our issue of November 7, 1928*

if_ _ gossip_ _

IT is a sign of the King's progress that the Prince of Wales has started to dance again—an exercise which he enjoys immensely. He does not, as a rule, care for the fast dance time which is occasionally played, and has been known to ask the band to moderate their transports. Although he confesses that he finds it difficult, his choice lies in this direction, though when the party spirit is on him he will indulge in the Blues, which seem, paradoxically enough, to have nothing to do with the party spirit!

IT is not every ex-Premier who can afford to travel *en famille* by the Blue Train to the South of France, and then to embark on a specially chartered steam yacht to sail along the coast of Sunny Spain.

Mr. Lloyd George has been quite seriously ill, and no expense is, obviously, being spared to bring him back to health again and enable him, in turn, to tend that somewhat sickly Lilliput, the Liberal Party, into putting up some sort of show at the General Election.

Mr. Lloyd George and his daughter Megan seen on their arrival at Cannes, where they embarked on the Liberal Leader's yacht, Sabrina, for an extensive cruise of the Mediterranean

Welsh wizardry, amply fortified by Mediterranean air, has a stiff task ahead of it.

OF the Lloyd Georgian steam yacht, the *Sabrina*, I have some pleasant recollections. She is a large, handsome vessel, extremely costly to run, and fitted up in a most luxurious fashion. She used to belong to the Grahame-Whites, and I was their guest when the last Naval Review at Spithead was in progress.

Claude Grahame-White, his brother Montague, his wife (Ethel Levey), and her daughter, Georgette Cohan, took it in turns to steer. The last-named had just been appearing in *Peter Pan*, and found the whole trip an "awfully big adventure."

And it rained, and rained, and rained.

By Frank Ford

"When I was your age I would never have thought of doing the things that you do"
"And that's precisely why you didn't do them, Aunt!"

I WONDER whether King Amanullah will take with him on his world travels as an exiled monarch the various gifts of furniture he received from Buckingham Palace during his State visit.

It was thought diplomatic to furnish the suite allotted to him and his Queen in as Oriental a manner as the Palace would allow, so some furniture of more or less appropriate type, which had done duty in the 'seventies when the Shah of Persia paid his famous visit to Queen Victoria, was dug out of store.

King Amanullah took a tremendous fancy to it—so it was given him. Delivered in plain vans, in fact.

we__must__

THE Afghan monarch has fallen through his passion for Western customs, but these were not conspicuously in evidence when he removed to Claridge's.

His Majesty was, it is true, partial to the regular morning bath, but he had irregular methods of proceeding to and from the bathroom, a ceremony which provided the floor staff who were fortunate —or unfortunate —enough to witness it with considerable food for thought and ponderance on the motto of East meeting West.

It was rather a case of "East is East and West End is West End . . ."

CAPTAIN HILTON PHILIPSON, who, in spite of certain individual abilities, seems fated always to be known as the husband of Mabel Russell, M.P., has returned from America.

"The price of theatre seats in New York," he told me, peering from the window of a two-seater in Dover Street, "is fabulous. I went with a friend to see Eddie Cantor's new show, and our stalls cost us thirty-seven dollars apiece."

After this I was not surprised to hear that Captain Philipson has checked his Parliamentary ambitions. "With the coal industry in the state it is," he added, "I can't afford politics."

THAT Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook should be bound for the West Indies on board the same boat is distinctly intriguing. The boat in question is the *Laconia*, and I suspect that the answer to any questions as to what vast schemes, if any, are being hatched, would be—laconic.

One wishes them a safe voyage, but I can't help picturing their plight should they be wrecked, as sole survivors on a desert island.

Perhaps each would promptly found a newspaper, and sell it to the other. They would be relieved of the familiar tussle over net sales.

THE famous pair of dancers, Holland and Barry, now move in different circles, so to speak. Jack Holland's new partner is Nitza Verneille, who is being hurled around the floor at Ciro's with ever-threatened danger to bottles and glasses on near-by tables, while Jean Barry is visiting the Riviera, but she has wended her steps there for professional ones and not for pleasure. She now dances with Dave Fitz-Gibbon, who lately appeared in *That's a Good Girl* at the Hippodrome, and gave up his part there to take on this new job. Both couples can not only do acrobatics —they can also dance.

WITH the English stage becoming more and more Americanised—Flo Ziegfeld is to produce in his own theatre in London, and I cannot see him going out of his way to avoid American plays or the engagement of American players—I am glad to find at least one London manager taking special interest in people of his own nationality.

I refer to Basil Foster, who is as British as the cricket for which he and his family have long been famous. He is playing the game in another sense just now at a time when it is particularly necessary.

Having made a success with his initial production, *A Damsel in Distress*, at the New Theatre, he

A recent photograph of Frances Doble. She is playing in "The Chinese Bungalow" at the Duke of York's Theatre

Mrs. Laura Knight, A.R.A. collects the ladies of Olympia Circus, who pose for a new Academy picture and eternal fame. The Circus was well worthy of a visit apart from this attraction

if_ _ gossip_ _

Basil Foster, the actor-manager, who is doing his bit—and a good bit it is—to encourage British acting. He is holding daily auditions to find talent among aspiring young players

has come to the rescue of another damsel in distress — the British Drama.

S

NOT only has the Thespian of the "Fostershires," in conjunction with his partners, made an arrangement to revive further British plays by such dramatists as Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse. He is holding auditions (for *British* people, please note) daily for promising aspirants.

His first touring company of *The Damsel in Distress*—at Eastbourne this week, having had a great success at Folkestone last week—can rival the New Theatre in general ability, as he believes that only the best should be sent into the Provinces. It is not generally known that after the War for some time Basil Foster was driving a taxi for a living until Sir Gerald du Maurier insisted upon his returning to the stage.

Foster and his partner, Tom Miller, who for years managed the Co-Optimists, will certainly be largely expanding their activities before long. They are almost the only management that gives the young unknown actor and actress a chance on their merits.

REALISM is all very well in stage productions, but it should surely be sufficient to appeal to the eyes and ears of the audience and to leave their noses alone, much as these are in evidence on first nights.

The Primate's cousin was in good form at the *première* at the Duke of York's Theatre, and both he and his admirers revelled in *chinoiserie* according to plan.

But there were things which,

BY KATHLEEN

"I have used ten boxes of your 'Allure' Beauty Powder and I still have to stand in the Tube"

Abe Leyman and his famous American Collegiate Orchestra who are now lending musical support to dancers at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. A special stage has been built for this band, which is one of the most famous—and highly paid—that has come over here from the States

we__must__

though Mr. Lang may have been impervious to them, affected many other people not so pleasurably. *The Chinese Bungalow* was produced on a night in which fog penetrated to the auditorium to mingle with tobacco smoke and the generally opaque atmosphere of such an occasion. Then came the joss-sticks.

MANY Oriental plays are all incense and nonsense. In *The Chinese Bungalow* there was a most unconscionable amount of the former. It wafted across the stalls, kept the coughing going in fine style, and sent people blinking and sneezing into the vestibule.

I have no objection to *Lilac Time* smelling of lilac or of a ...ng of ozone in *Song of the ...a* or other nautical productions. But I do not want a ...hinese play to smell of China *No Other Tiger* to smell of ...rs.

... the majority of Londoners ... re profoundly indifferent as ... whether there is or is not to be ... a at Covent Garden in the sum... or whether Sir Thomas ... ham's scheme will succeed at ... there is one intensely musical ... man, and the burly Thomas ... uelin has found him.

... found him Kensington way at ... o'clock in the morning. The ... was empty and the driver was ... full. It was happiness and love ... t, not drink, which tempted him ... ng, accompanying himself with ... tuating blasts on his hooter:—

"The hours I spend with thee, dear heart (Honk),
(Honk) Are as a string of pearls to me (Honk).
(Honk) I tell them over every one apart.
My Rosary (Honk, Honk), My Rosary!" (Honk).

Addison Fowler and Florenz Tamara, the American dancers, as they appear in one of their new numbers. Their acrobatic dancing is delighting audiences at the Coliseum this week

A DEVASTATING snub was given lately by a famous night club manager to a *maître d'hotel* equally famous. The latter makes a habit of taking meals at the various places where gastronomy is regarded as an art and not merely the satisfaction of a healthy appetite.

The *maître d'hotel* having dined at a rival establishment, asked for his bill from the head waiter. "There is no charge," was the reply. Protests being of no avail the diner asked if he might speak to the manager. The manager arrived, but was adamant. There was no charge.

"Really," said the *maître d'hotel*, "it is exceedingly kind of you, but I should prefer to pay, because if I don't I shan't be able to come here again."

"I know," said the manager politely.

Lydia Sherwood, who is playing in "The Last Hour" at the Comedy Theatre. As the persecuted heroine—and incidentally the only woman in the play—she scores a marked success

G. Mannell

Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, who were recently married, in "The High Road." This play of Frederick Lonsdale's is doing big business at the Fulton Theatre in New York

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"Did you see the Prime Minister at the Playhouse the other night?"

"Yes, I was there. I wonder why he was so interested in 'The Rose and the Ring'?"

"Well, the General Election's at hand, so it must have been association of ideas."

"Explain yourself."

"Thackeray in Town and the Dickens in the Country."

"Talking of the General Election, I wonder if Hannen Swaffer will really oppose Sir Alfred Butt at Tooting in the Socialist interest?"

"With the slogan of 'Butt me no Butts' I suppose."

"How many foreign plays will Sir Alfred bring back from the States?"

"Daren't guess. But why the Devil these impresarios don't break out and find some home talent beats me."

"Anyway, always remember it's a long Drury Lane that has no turning."

"Lots of other people going far abroad just now. There's my Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook both on board the 'Laconia,' for instance."

"Quite a Press Gang on the ship. Who will try to eat up the other?"

"Dog never eats dog—even in the dog-days."

"Touching on nicer thoughts, I was thinking of the dear old lady who indignantly refused to see Matheson Lang's new play."

"Well, it's a new one on me."

"She said a play called 'The Chinese Bungalow' was certain to have a low storey."

"You always glory in low subjects. Talk of something else."

"Right ho! It was bad luck on the distinguished artist not being elected to the Arts Club."

"Carried *nem. con.* With such a proposer and seconder I should have thought he would have got in easily."

"Found an ever-Orpen door, in fact. Tell me, is Jix on the selection committee?"

"Of course not—he's inspecting dens of iniquity on the Riviera."

"Sorry. Who is the well-known actor who always forgets and calls Margaret Bannerman Miss Campbell Bannerman?"

"I can't say. Bet he has a Liberal outlook. Do you think he speaks of Edith Evans as Miss Worthington-Evans?"

"Pull yourself together and tell me your views on the Channel Tunnel question."

"A tunnel would certainly save many a tumble."

"Rotten! The steamship companies specialise in games of pitch and toss, anyway."

"Well, I had a rough-and-tumble passage last Saturday."

"In Paris again?"

"Nope. I went down to Twickenham for the Welsh International."

"Then you were certainly kept on the long and narrow path for once!"

"Talking of other sporting occasions, C. B. Cochran is barring thin chorus girls."

"He finds time to plump for the plump, in fact, when not engaged in high finance."

"The question of figures reminds me that the Florenz Ziegfeld Fillies are coming to Town."

"Not Fillies, Follies."

"MY mistake. To change the subject, did you know the Kaiser's been writing a biography?"

"Don't be silly. Everyone knows he's been brought to book years ago."

"You're quite hopeless. Why you're always hunting for a fall!"

"Run away and play!"

"Still, last week's frost spoiled all runs."

"Nonsense! I know where they had a fine run."

"You're talking through your hat. WHERE?"

"At St. Moritz!"

"Oh, go to Hel—er—Helvetia!"

"Good-bye, Ritz. See you down there."

"Good-bye, Carlton."

BY WILL OWEN

"Congratulations on the son and heir, old man. What schools have you entered him for?"
"I haven't decided yet, but I've put his name down for a round on the public course here"

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

"THE LAST HOUR" AT THE COMEDY

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THERE is some really pretty killing done in this play. We can dismiss the cases of the two men who are merely shot down, and who subsequently prove to have been only wounded, because that is hardly doing the sporting thing by the Thinking Public in these exacting days. It is when the Death Ray is brought into action that the real enjoyment of the entertainment begins.

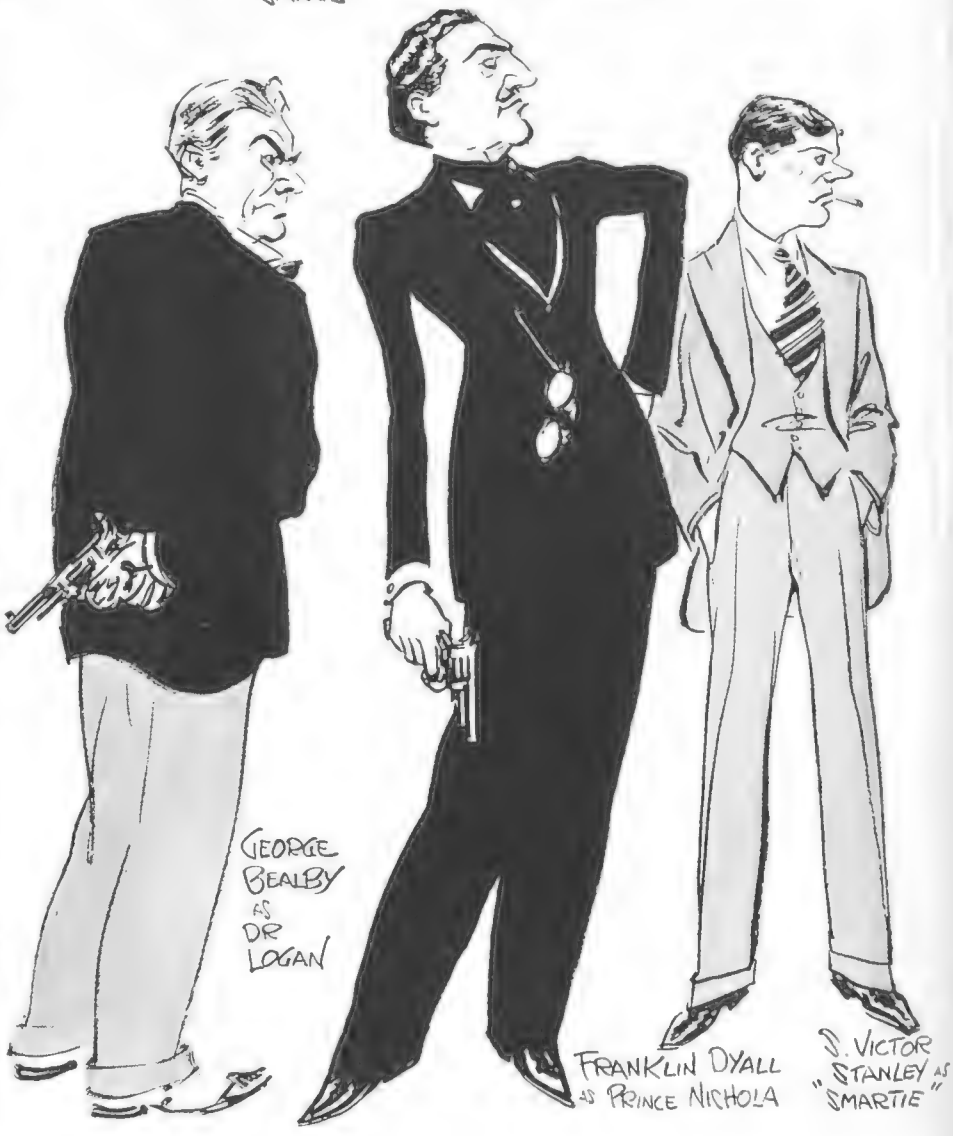
AN awkward intruder appears at an open window, and being taken for a spy, is reduced in a second to a charred heap that can have no further interest for anybody except the rag-and-bone merchant. This sort of thing beats the cowboy who is "quick on the draw," every time, and even the assassin's dagger loses much of its picturesqueness beside an invention that provides death and burial at one go.

THE entire action is laid in the bar-parlour of an inn on the Devonshire coast. As far as that goes, it is very much like other plays that have lately been seen in Town; and as it is situated within hail of Dartmoor, it is only natural that an escaped convict should be an essential feature of the story. The opening is on the eerie side. John Tregellis and his daughter have laid a ceremonious little supper table for an old friend who served with John in the War, and who saved his life several times, as old friends often will.

IT is true that the old friend has not turned up for the annual supper for the last five years, and it seems clear that he must be dead. Nevertheless, on the usual anniversary, Mary always sets the table carefully, and pretends that the vacant chair is filled again, as the old friend was also her sweetheart, and no girl can afford to throw away a chance in these days.

THEN a suspicious-looking stranger calls at the inn. He is Mr. Peter Byron, and, though not necessarily related to the great poet, he is obviously a person of importance. He looks anxiously about him as if watching for something or somebody, and when he finds his movements being watched, he at once calls for a pint of ale, which is in itself a sign of depravity in these Pecksniffian days. We assume that he is some kind of an official who is looking round to see if there are any escaped convicts hiding under the table or behind the window curtains; but, as is usual in these cases, our first conclusions are entirely mistaken.

DURING Mr. Byron's temporary absence from the scene, the friend of the Tregellises who has not been near them for five years, turns up, and is reluctant to say what he has been doing in the interval. And as the mournful bell continues to toll for the benefit of an escaped convict, the father and daughter naturally form a theory of their own which they are too polite to mention.



THEN Prince Nichola de Kovatch pushes his way stealthily through the door of the inn, and as he is rather obviously some kind of a foreigner, we promptly infer that there is dirty work afoot. The Prince at once makes it clear to Tregellis that he wants a certain parcel to be swiftly and carefully taken abroad without the tiresome interference of the local police.

APPARENTLY the parcel, which is of great value, contains the Crown Jewels, or some equally dazzling treasure, as we could hardly suspect a Prince of base designs on somebody's suburban teaspoons. Tregellis is in the Prince's power, but at one moment he shows signs of mutiny. After a few disrespectful words, he picks up a chair, and wants to fight the matter out on the spot. I do not know exactly how a duel with chairs is conducted, but it never really gets as far as that. The Prince's confederate promptly pots the fellow with a revolver, and throws his body into the nearest cupboard. I mean, these mere innkeepers must be kept in their place, what?

THE Tregellises' friend, who is known simply as the "Visitor," then practically admits that he is the escaped convict who is causing so much cruel anxiety to the Dartmoor authorities, and he at once accepts the Prince's offer to be the messenger with the stolen goods. He will be paid handsomely, and will be able at the same time to make a getaway of his own to a foreign shore. Then events begin to move swiftly. The Prince's treasure is nothing more than the secret plan of the Death Ray apparatus, and one or two people who have hitherto appeared to be quite harmless, suddenly develop into Secret Service Agents and are accused by the Prince of having stolen the plan from the pocket of his overcoat.

PETER BYRON is the first to be accused. As there seems to be a certain dangerous responsibility in killing a Secret Service Agent in this country, he is merely bound hand and foot to a chair, so that he cannot hinder the Prince and his confederate from escaping with the plan which they expect to recover by their third degree methods. The "Visitor" is then seized and bound to a post, and as he refuses to speak, a cord is bound round his throat, and he is left to choke at leisure. Peter shouts for help, and Mary Tregellis rushes in and tries to unfasten the cord that is strangling her sweetheart. She cries that she cannot get the thing undone, and the "Visitor" is already beginning to gurgle ominously, but she succeeds when she tries again.

BUT the Prince has not done with the "Visitor" yet. He may have had his plan stolen, but he still has the Death Ray apparatus in his possession, and he produces the horrid thing accordingly. Just to give the "Visitor" a sample of what is coming to him, the Prince points the Ray at the wall against which the "Visitor" is leaning. What the novelists call a blinding flash at once ensues, and a large chunk of the wall falls crumbling to the ground.

THE Prince then says that he will first of all moderate the Ray so that it will merely burn the "Visitor's" clothes away, before settling down to peel the skin from his body. But, of course, this part of the programme is not carried out, as it would not be altogether correct.

INDEED, I can imagine how our sensitive Lord Chamberlain must have blushed when he envisaged such a disastrous possibility. The play itself is on rather stereotyped lines, but the introduction of the Death Ray business is a clear novelty, and should make a strong appeal to those who like sensational drama, and are not too particular about the incidence of probabilities.

JINGLE.

SOME INTERESTING FOLLOWERS

P. and A

The Hon. Edward and Mrs Lascelles talking to the Countess of Chesterfield (centre) at the meet of the Bramham Moor at Long Marston The Hon Edward Lascelles is the brother of Viscount Lascelles, and is very like him in appearance

Central News

Lord Lascelles, the Master of the Bramham Moor, is seen at the recent meet of this hunt at Long Marston, which was abandoned through the heavy snow

News Illus.

A girl follower taking a hedge with the Cattistock. This was on the occasion of the meet held at the Dorset Depot Barracks at Dorchester. The Rev E. A Milne and Major Lord Digby are Joint-Masters of the Cattistock In its earlier days the Cattistock was known as the "True Blue" Hunt

Sport. Illus.

A group taken on a hunting morning, and also a coming-of-age occasion, at Burkham House, Alton, in Hampshire. Mr. Christopher Darell Jeffreys, in whose honour the celebrations were given, is seen with his mother and father Viscountess Cantelup. and Major-General Sir George Jeffreys

# of INTERESTING HUNTS

Hard ground and slippery roads have been making hunting a hazardous business of late, and in many of the Northern Countries hunting has been impossible owing to the heavy snowfall. But in the South there have been some good runs

Topical

The Hon. Diana Carleton and Mr. Edgar Barker seen at the meet of the Garth at Tylney Hall, near Basingstoke. The Hon. Diana Carleton is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dorchester. Lord Dorchester is a former Joint-Master of the Garth, whose country ies in Berkshire, Hampshire and Surrey

L.N.A

The Prince of Wales rides to hounds with the Belvoir at their recent meet at Eastwell. They had a good gallop of thirty minutes from Hose Thorns across the Vale, hounds finally marking their fox to ground at Oldhills The going was hard

Geraldine PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM discusses

Central Press

Sun bathers at Cannes. A view of La Plage, with some of these fortunate folk listening to the band. People from all parts have flocked to the Riviera to enjoy the glorious sunshine now being found along the Cote d'Azur

I AM not quite, quite sure about Cannes Casino. As a matter of fact, I don't think Cannes is quite sure about me, for when I went there the other evening I was wearing a frock that had scarcely recovered from the turmoil of New Year's Eve. Banking accounts stand for a good deal at Cannes, and, in the absence of an open pass book, one has an uneasy feeling that one is being judged by one's *toilette* and *coiffure*.

MY first shock on arrival at the Casino was when I was asked 390 francs for a month's ticket—about twice as much as any other Casino on the Riviera. My next was when I entered the palatial bar and found myself paying 15 francs for a cocktail made of precisely the same ingredients as that for which one pays 8 or 9 francs anywhere else. Trifles, of course, but it is the trifles which irritate! And why do it when the mills outside are grinding, and at from thirty to forty tables the inevitable cagnotte is taking its toll of winner and loser alike? No one save an idiot ever expects to do anything else but lose who plays a small game of *chemin de fer*; but one feels that one should at least be invited to do so graciously and be spared the annoyance of petty spoliation.

NEVERTHELESS, by day or night, Cannes is a wonderful place. It is, without doubt, the most Anglo-Saxon spot on the Riviera, and, consequently, there is a healthy outdoor life, with tennis going all the time, a lot of polo, while two excellent squash racquet courts have just been opened at the Carlton. Also it is the best centre on the Riviera for small yacht-racing, and the harbour is the most picturesque possible. And, after all, why live cheaply unless one has to? There is a caressing touch of luxury in the air, soothing and lulling one into an

I.B.

The Duke of Connaught chatting with Count Gautier-Vignal at Beaulieu, France. Count Gautier-Vignal is the Polish Consul at Nice

the *CARESSING LUXURY of CANNES*

K. Kozeluh, the winner of the Professional Lawn Tennis Championship of France, seen in action at Beaulieu-sur-Mer. By beating Burke in the final he won the cup outright, it being his third successive win

optimistic frame of mind regarding the kindliness of one's bank manager.

S

WITH the Croisette on which to stroll, and the names of the greatest dressmakers and jewellers in Paris on the shop windows just opposite, life becomes a gift to be enjoyed and not merely endured. That stroll, to my mind, should be followed by a cocktail, sitting in the sun at la Potinière, and listening to strains of gentle music played by the orchestra. [Music should be faint and soothing in the mornings; orchestras should be forbidden by law to play dance music until at least 4.30 p.m.] Here one can exchange light badinage with one's friends, though I don't think any party or social gathering should be attempted until evening. I realise, however, this is a personal idiosyncrasy, on a part with my dislike for early dance music, that I am in the minority and obviously possessed of a churlish disposition, for most people out here seem able to be intelligent and amusing by 12.30 p.m.

S

BY night it is, of course, the Casino which dominates the life of Cannes. The restaurant there is huge, with delightful views of the harbour and the sea, and the evening entertainment is magnificent. I nearly choked over my wine as I caught sight of my host's bill, but one thing must always be remembered—Cannes is not the place for poor people. Even so early in the season the restaurant was crowded. I asked the *maître d'hôtel* who looked after us the names of some of the people. His answer sounded like a chapter from the Book of Leviticus, which accounts perhaps for the prices, the magnificent cars, the wonderful furs, the supreme complacency of the men, and the doll-like beauty of their possibly temporary companions. There were also a few less important Christians dining — Major Lyon, the polo player, with his pretty wife, well gowned and beautifully coiffured; Willy Wessel, looking as well satisfied with life as usual; and rather an attractive party of incogniti. In the rooms afterwards, when one had passed the line of three Louis tables, the odour of wealth was even more insistent.

S

THE popular pastime seems to be to gather round the brass rails which protect the sacred players at the high table from unnecessary jostling or observation. There they sat, presumably alive, with presumably real bundles of mille notes and fifty thousand franc *jetons* piled in front of them. A grim and stately silence enshrouds this little company from the rest of the world.

S

ONE man's face fascinated me—large, massive, in fact, Napoleonic, with protruding underlip and sphinx-like immobility. I asked his name of an attendant, and I knew at once that I had committed a fault. The man looked at me in horror. It seemed impossible to him that my question was other than jest. He answered in a whisper, and I heard nothing. I persisted, and, convinced that I was jesting, he hurried away. A bystander, determined to annihilate me, whispered severely in my ear: "That is——" And again I didn't hear, but I fancy that the name was Greek!

Prince Henri of Orleans and his sister, Princess Pia of Orleans, photographed at Cannes, where they have been playing together with great success in the International Lawn Tennis Tournament

F. R. Scovell and Miss Marjory Morvill, a U.S.A. pair in the International Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes. America expects Miss Morvill to do very well this season

ALAS, POOR YOICKS!

By JAMES DYRENFORTH

WE foreigners are apt to put our foot in it—in the older sense of the word "it," before it became the synonym for "sex-appeal."

It was a large house-party. There was my hostess, Lady Geraldine, and her brother and sister. There were a lean and rock-ribbed Lord X, and his Honourable and beautiful twin daughters. There was a beefy and booming Captain of the Life Guards, who, in the lull of *any* conversation, could be heard saying, "And just then I offered the General a cigar. But there *weren't* any cigars. Jolly good joke on *me*, what?" (In one of the two times he spoke to me at all, I replied to this quip that I thought it was a poor joke on the General, and that hurt his feelings so badly that he went right into another room to repeat his anecdote to an otherwise contented bridge four, just to restore his self-respect.) There was my hostess's nephew, an amiable Etonian with the most flawless manners I have ever encountered. There was a Beautiful Baronet, who spoke only of horses, with or without the final consonant. And there were two or three more, including, of course, Enemy Alien Me, embarrassingly fresh from God's Country, God forgive me!

On the Sunday evening, at dinner, my hostess told me that we were all hunting with the Quorn the next morning and that she was going to let me ride her own favourite mount. Then the trouble began, for I had to confess that I couldn't ride.

There was an astonished silence. Then:

"Do you mean to say you've never hunted?" asked the Beautiful Baronet.

"I've never hunted," I replied, still not seeing the quicksand.

"He's NEVER hunted!" said one of the twin daughters incredulously.

"He's never HUNTED!" said the other twin daughter disdainfully.

"Well, I shot a rabbit once," I said hopefully, trying to pour oil on the troubled daughters.

"Shot a rabbit once, indeed! Ha!" said the rock-ribbed Peer scornfully.

"Yes," I replied defiantly, by now fully aware of the quicksand, "and I'd have shot him *twice* if he hadn't laughed at me and run away."

Of course, after that, all I needed to do to disperse any group was to join it. I was as popular as a bowler hat with an Afghan peasant. My hostess tried to counteract all the bad effects and chatted with me whenever possible, always trying to give me the impression that she was really a *group* of interested and friendly people. But I was a general washout and I knew it, and, as soon as I decently could, and with not one dissenting voice, I finally dragged my bruised brown body to bed.

I lay awake most of the night, planning ways and means of reinstating myself. I realised that I must have been pretty dreadful, if even the amiable Etonian found it difficult to be polite to me. And I hated to have my charming hostess spend the rest of her life regretting the horrible mistake of inviting me to her house. Perhaps, I thought, some slightly yodelled enthusiasm at the meet would turn the trick. So at last I went to sleep, determined to give the firm impression next morning that I was discovering a new and wonderful life, and that I should never rest until I could ride to hounds.

So to the meet I went, the fierce fire of a new ambition trying to shine in my eyes. I had a headache from too little sleep and too much unaccustomed thinking, but that didn't matter. What *did* matter was that I had neglected to learn all the right names for things. I didn't realise that in the hunting field everything becomes something else. My first re-entry to the quicksand came when I saw the hounds. I was chatting to a lady on a horse—a lady from another house, who didn't know of my blunders of the previous evening.

"What gorgeous dogs," I exclaimed. And the lady fainted.

"Oh, I'm *very* sorry!" I said, to a gentleman who sprang to her rescue. "Did she faint because the dogs smell so badly?"

Then the lady's horse fainted.

By this time I was getting desperate. But we Americans are a dauntless people. So I struck out in another direction.

"Tell me," I said to the Master of the Hounds, thanking heaven that he didn't know me, "in this wonderful sport of yours, are all the men in black coats on one side and all you chaps in *red* coats on the other?"

With the bitterest look that was given in all England that year, he rode quickly away, to inquire, I suppose, about the fox's health. Slightly hysterical by now, I hurried over to my hostess, who was on her favourite mount.

"When this glorious meet is over," I sobbed, "may I have the fox's tail for a souvenir?"

The f.m. wheeled quickly and kicked me in the head. And my hunting days were over.

The only member of the house-party to call on me at the nursing home was the Captain of the Life Guards.

"That American—is he dead yet?" he asked the Head Nurse. And, when she told him I wasn't, he shook his head, regretfully said "Damn!" and walked away.

"HOT-DOGS" at MR. C. W. R. NEVINSON'S

Above is printed a key to the characters portrayed in George Whitelaw's drawing on pages 174 and 175, and concerning whom the artist writes: "The scene is the ante-room of Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson, the artist, during one of his famous bottle parties. Dancing is going on in the studio on the left, whilst Sir Herbert Morgan (1), R. J. Minney (2), Miss Saleeby (4), and Ronald Squire (5) are listening to the singing of Carlo Norway (3), the artist. In the centre, Mrs. Nevinson (11) is offering 'hot-dogs' to R. H. Wilenski (14), while Miles Malleson (13) helps himself. In front of her, Mark Hambourg (7) is enjoying his 'hot-dog,' but Morris Harvey (6) prefers his cigar. Behind Mrs Nevinson is Nevinson himself (10) telling a story to H. G. Wells (9), whilst the eupeptic figure of Aubrey Hammond (12) looms largely in the background. In the right foreground Selwyn Jepson (17) endeavours to elicit from Michael Arlen (18) the secret of writing a best-seller, while Miss Farmer (16) listens-in to them. Behind them, Herman Finck (15) and David Whitelaw, the author (19) (no relation—got it in first this time!), are amusing three of Nevinson's models, whilst on the extreme right an artist of sorts (20), whose name modesty forbids me to mention, is helping himself to another 'another'"

Shortly George Whitelaw will take us to Orange Street. There, in the Cocktail Bar of Ciro's, he will introduce us to many well-known public characters

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

ROMANCE

"HOT-DOGS" at a BOTTLE PARTY at

The key to the names of the people in the above pictu

At Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson's Studio

picture by George Whitelaw will be found on page 172

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Player's Please

PLAYER'S *"MEDIUM"* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 *for* 6ᴰ - 20 *for* 11½ᴰ

"QUEL PAYS!"

By

DELL LEIGH

Do not try to be clever with the French Government railway system. I did the other night. I shall never, *never* do so again!

There are several kinds of railway locomotion in France. There is the Purple Train for the bestial plutocrat; next stop tomorrow morning. There is *Le Grand Exprès Européen.* There is the *Wagon Lit*; the *Rapide*; the *Exprès* (ordinary), until you descend the scale of speed to the *Omnibus.* So-called because it will pull up at a nod from passing pedestrians.

You can take it as an axiom of travel that no French train of any breeding moves out of the Paris termini except just after breakfast or comfortably after dinner. It isn't done. I knew all this, but purposely chose the *Exprès* on the ground of economy, starting at the bourgeois hour of 7.40 p.m., and because I had a feeling that I could prevail upon *Monsieur le Contrôleur du train* for at least one side, if not both, of a first-class compartment.

He tried to sell me all sorts of alleged sleeping accommodation. Things like *Lits Salons* and *Couchettes* (dirt cheap to-night, he said they were), but I was firm. I told him that I could not afford a bed; but that if he would be so amiable as to —er—the twenty-franc notes were really rather pretty when new, didn't he think? He did. And monopolising the whole of one side of a *fumeur,* my kit the other, we shrieked our way into the night. A satin-lined overcoat rolled up under the head, a thick rug round legs, a convenient green shade pulled over lamp . . . good enough.

Sleep: how wonderful, after all those nights of . . . all those nights. Sleep, to the accompaniment of staccato pullings up at a dozen pitch-black stations and the muffled voices of men singing one of the French National Anthems, *"Dix Minutes d'Arrête."* But anyway s-l-e-e-p.

And then the blow fell. It was at Lyons, I think, or it may have been *Enfer-sur-Mer,* I don't know. There were what playwrights call "confused sounds without." I heard a shrill voice saying, *"Oh, mais, nom de Dieu, quel pays . . . quel pays."* My lampshade was flicked back, a member of the Republic of liberty, equality and fraternity, smelling of garlic, said hoarsely:

"Si, Madame, il y a de la place, parbleu."

He shovelled some of my gear on to the rack and some on to the floor, and she appeared, all fourteen stone of her, and three cardboard hat-boxes.

"I do not disturb Monsieur, no?"

"But not at all, Madame." (Raleigh's gesture with his Inverness cape was as a curt nod compared with this.)

"Oh, mais quel pays, is it not so?"

I assured her, with feeling, that it was so.

Then she had the temerity to ask me if I was French. They all ask you that, knowing you to be English. It is a form of politeness; very odd.

"Monsieur is not by chance married? Yes? Oh, but what a misfortune. Oh, la, la!"

I had not thought about it in that light up to now, and asked why.

"Why? Because you will tell Madame of this trip—all you English talk too much to your wives—in the night with a French lady, alone, and she . . ." Arms were flung upward. The motion was indicative of the complete break-up of my married life.

But what a country, France! We were an hour late, an hour, Monsieur, and she sitting frozen, but frozen, upon the platform! It was monstrous! It was a scandal! It was the nationalisation of the railways that was responsible! They would nationalise everything—food, religion, babies. . . . Monsieur had no babies, no? Ah, he was lucky (long dissertation upon infant welfare) . . . And the Government! What an idiot of a Government! It was better during the Monarchy, was it not so? (Carried!) Now your Government, your Socialists, *pah!* (carried unanimously); your Ramsaiye Macdonnelles . . . ugh, *quel horreur!* (carried with emphasis and adjective). And we were going to be two hours late at Cannes (sensation!) . . . Yes, indeed the station-master had assured her with the utmost confidence. *"Hey, mon Dieu, quel pays, n'est-ce pas?"*

And the good Monsieur would have one of her little sandwiches? Oh, but yes; it was imperative. See, a succulent one (tired tomato and onion) . . . her cook, but *what* a cook—now your English cooks (the culinary question plumbed to the depths). . . .

Then she began to unwind some of the shrouds that wrapped her about—a long and troublesome business. . . . Monsieur should remove his collar; but yes, it was more comfortable, believe her. As she always said to her husband (I learn of most of the indiscretions of that unhappy man). . . .

Dawn broke. . . . And (there had been no pause) Monsieur will have some eau-de-Cologne to the brow? But certainly, it is obligatory after so terrible a journey (type of journey agreed). "See . . . thus . . . and thus; allow me . . ." I am baptised and nearly blinded. . . .

At one of the blur of Riviera stations she got out. This took an immense amount of voluble preparation. "Thank you . . . thank you; you are all that is of the most amiable." A thousand regrets (not shared) at parting. A thousand hopes to meet M'sieur again (hypocritical expressions of mutuality) . . . and then I fell into a stupor.

At a station farther on a bearded and uniformed man woke me with a demand for a sight of my ticket; a hobby of his; and I think I must have murmured *"quel pays!"* for he said "Hein?" aggressively.

He seemed quite hurt about it.

At Cambridge

The Festival Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Terence Gray, opens its eighth season on January 14 with a production, by Mr. Peter Godfrey, of Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan.* Other plays to be produced during the Lent term are *The Pleasure Garden,* by Beatrice Mayor, Æschylus' *Prometheus,* translated by R. C. Trevelyan, with music by Philip Cathie, and choreography by Ninette de Valois. Mr. Frank Birch will produce *The Witch,* translated from the Norwegian by John Masefield. *Romeo and Juliet* will follow, and a production of Ernst Toller's *Hoppla,* translated by Herman Ould, and the season will end with *The Carpenter of Rouen,* a Victorian melodrama, to be produced by Mr. Roland Crossley.

Sasha

Binnie Hale, the popular musical comedy star, who is returning to the West End. She is playing lead in "Mr. Cinders," in which Bobbie Howes is the leading man

"Give up Fred," she cried aghast.
"Give him up," Rames repeated firmly, "after all, it can be of little consequence to you"

TELEPHONE ADVANTAGES

By WALTER E. GROGAN

"We shall have to cut out the telephone.'

"Impossible, Fred. It is absolutely necessary for my profession."

"Let me see, what *is* your profession, Gladdie?"

Then the front door bell of 17, Swerin Cross Gardens rang. Both female and male started. There are such possibilities in the front door bell of the type of flat in Swerin Cross Gardens. There is always the chance that it may herald the fortune which dances will-o'-the-wisp fashion before the unluckiest of us all until it comes to a final halt over a narrow, deep ditch or the probability of a creditor.

"A part," said Gladys hopefully.

"Which has no magnitude," Fred added. He had three years' more experience of life than she.

"Here you fade away. Managers like to be the only ones."

"The desire is not confined to managers," Fred replied, and duly faded away.

Gladys opened the door to a tall, languid man who appeared to insist upon a late youth which the baggy skin under the eyes belied. Gladys, having the charity and kindliness of her sex towards all males, put him at forty-three. He wore a braided—narrowly braided—morning coat and those other garments which a careful tailor and some individual taste dictated as correct. His silk hat was tilted a little to the back. The monocle really needed no safety-first cord.

"Miss James?" His voice was languid also. But not unpleasing. Gladys smiled. She had acquired the little she had by her smile. Including Fred.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Could I—would you be so charming as to give me just a few minutes? You—er—probably know my name—Rames—Peter Rames."

"Oh, yes," Gladys said, with just the proper amount of surprise that suggested acknowledgment of his importance. Rames. The Hon. Peter Rames. Of course she knew his name. She read the gossip paragraphs of many picture papers, and who with a title, even a courtesy one, can escape being mentioned? "Will you come in?" The hint of breathlessness was deft. Peter hitched his tie and followed.

"A charming room," he said, sitting with a lack of confidence upon a fragile chair. It was a remark that made many friendships. "A very charming room. It has appeal."

Gladys glanced round the small drawing-room with fresh eyes. Were these hire-purchase people as excellent as the promise of their advertisements? At all events the electric lights were most discreetly shielded. After all, beauty is seen more frequently in a dim light or by near-sighted people. Possibly a monocle was less effective than horn rimmers. She smiled.

"It is my work-room. It expresses myself." She said it firmly. No use using that formula if you do not assume conviction.

"Of course. It has the personal touch." Rames dropped his monocle. It in a way disclosed him. He was at once the man who was calling, not merely a man who had called. "Miss James, personally I loathe discussing business with a charming woman."

So that was it. Gladys was sure of it. Her pulses beat

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in response. The hot blood of youth struggled in her cheeks against the veiling of powder. Rames was one of those elusive and so frequently anonymous beings, the backer of plays. He had seen her in that inadequate part in "Insolence," the comedy of manners that had run so well that it had quickly disappeared from the public eye. He had recognised her ability. He seemed intelligent.

"A woman would rather discuss business with an understanding man." Gladys smiled again. Rames gave the shadow of a bow. "You would hardly believe what rotters some men are."

"Really."

"Their ideas about terms are the limit."

Rames sighed with relief. He straightened his languid form as much as he dared, having due regard for the fragility of his chair, and refixed his monocle.

"Their ideas do not matter, do they?"

"Whose?"

"You said 'their ideas,' Miss James. Generalising, of course. Well, this matter is, shall I say, a family one?"

"I see." She smiled. There was a lot of cash in the Rames family. The Dowager Lady Orshott, widow of the head of the family, was so wealthy that she was exceptionally mean. "You have seen me on the stage?"

"Probably. Oh, yes, no doubt. But I have a wretched head for names." After all, one never read the names of the chorus girls—they were so preposterous.

Gladys forgot her enchanting smile. Rames was conscious of its loss, and spoke more rapidly.

"I go very little to theatres, and if one has a good cook—and I am very fortunate—theatre hours are positively insulting. But I have heard of you, of course. You have a career."

"I feel that I have—I know that I have. The knowledge is here." She made a fluttering gesture towards her torso. Rames wondered whether the knowledge were glowing in soul, heart or stomach.

"I am sure that you have," he said impressively. "My sister-in-law Caroline—you know, of course, Lady Orshott—is sure of it also. You guess naturally that I—er—represent her in this family affair." He smiled, and in return she restored her smile to her provoking lips. So it was the old hag who was going in for the flutter.

"Lady Orshott has such artistic feeling."

"Er—really—yes." Rames was nonplussed. "I believe you have not met her?"

"No. But one hears—and the papers."

"Ah, yes, the papers. Thanks to them it can no longer be said that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. We have full information—correct or incorrect."

"Lady Orshott is interested in my career?" Gladys asked. She was not so surprised at the suggestion as everyone else would have been.

"Yes. Yes—your future you know. That is the great thing with all young beautiful women. You do not mind my frankness?"

"I adore frankness," Gladys answered earnestly. All women appreciate frankness couched in the form Rames adopted.

"I am glad. In delicate matters it is well to be absolutely outspoken. You are a woman of the world, young as you are." How insidious that form of flattery is only women poised perilously near the thirties know.

"One learns so quickly," she said with a sigh.

"Yes. Am I right in saying that it is difficult even for genius to find a hearing in your profession?"

"It is far far more difficult for genius than mediocrity. Managers understand the latter, whereas ——"

"Exactly. But managers being what they are, understand cash best of all."

"In their vulgar way of expressing it, 'money talks.'" Her smile now was deprecatory.

"Yes. I have heard it put like that. My sister-in-law Caroline has an idea that a thousand pounds might be very useful to you."

"I assure you it would be, Mr. Rames," Gladys cried emphatically. "To put into a syndicate I presume," she added.

"That might be a way. Once you had a really good chance ——"

"I am sure I should make good."

"So am I—so am I, Miss James." He dropped his monocle in his enthusiasm. "I feel sure that you are going to be sensible."

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked in some amazement. She knew that she was very sensible where money was concerned.

"Quite—quite so. There is just one condition that Caroline insists upon. You naturally anticipate it?"

"No—no, I don't," Gladys declared in obvious wonder. "Unless a percentage—but, of course, Lady Orshott would not be so commercially minded."

"In this instance no . . . Miss James, the condition is one you must realise. Caroline, no doubt, is old-fashioned. You have probably called her early Victorian."

"Oh, no, I assure you, Mr. Rames," Gladys asserted. She really was shocked. Lady Orshott was herself a Porter-Pennington. You never called such people names except to your best friends.

"Why not, why not? She is. But she is also human. A lot of people don't believe that, but it is quite true. Underneath her lorgnette and her stare Caroline is human. And therefore has prejudices. I do not agree with her. Seeing you, my dear Miss James, I most emphatically do not agree with her. But there it is. You must give up Fred."

"Give up Fred," she cried aghast.

"Give him up," Rames repeated firmly. "After all it can be of little consequence to you."

"I love Fred." Gladys spoke distinctly.

"Yes, yes." Rames brushed the statement aside hastily. "But a thousand pounds is a thousand pounds, and Fred is—well, just Fred. I know him better than you."

"Know Fred better than I do?" She did not so much echo his words as emphasise them heavily.

"Women always imagine that they know men better than men know men. It is all intensely wrong. We see the worst side of our sex, and that is the real side. Fred has no money ——"

"I know."

"He is entirely dependent upon his mother, and Caroline is fully early Victorian there. She has all the terrible hardness—she would call it firmness—of the superficial sentimentalist. Caroline will cut off supplies if you marry him." He dropped his monocle with a plop. It was symbolical of finality.

"Marry him." The echo was weak. It was a surprised and almost toneless echo. Then Gladys gasped. What a blind fool she had been. More men than one were named Fred—she was not the only James on the stage beach. What was the parlingering in the back of her brain from Sir Galahad's gossipy column "Mayfair with the Lid off?"

"*On dit* the Hon. Squire of Dames is *très épris* with a little chorus lady who rhymes with him." The Hon. Frederick Rames whose knightly (she supposed it was spelt that way) gallantry had earned him the honourable soubriquet had a surname that undoubtedly rhymed with James. And she remembered someone (feminine) congratulating her on working at last, even if only in the "Levity" chorus. Another Gladys James in the field.

"Exactly. If you marry Fred you will have to support him, and he has expensive tastes. Caroline finds him exceedingly voracious. He will never make a bean, and he will always be a handicap. He has also a constitutional leaning towards infidelity."

"There are divorce courts, and there is such a thing as alimony," Gladys mused.

"Based on an income which, if non-existent—as I assure you it is in this case—amounts to nothing . . . I have a cheque"—he broke off with an insinuating smile.

"One thousand pounds is very little. There is the succession. Lord Orshott being a Catholic priest is unable to leave an heir." How glad she was that in common with so many of her sex she took an interest in families she would never know.

"Charles has a wonderful constitution, and his ambition will not let him die until he is a bishop. That takes time—and at the rate he is going time will soon take Fred."

"But a mere thousand!"

"What in the devil's name is this for?"
"For refusing to have any other husband but you, Fred"

"I can make it fifteen hundred, but that is Caroline's limit. My dear Miss James," Rames continued earnestly, "you will waste yourself on Fred. Courtesy titles are at a discount. I speak with knowledge. Directorships no longer fall to us except those companies which are doomed from the first to meet a liquidator. You can do so much better."

Gladys gave a pathetic smile.

"I am honestly in love with Fred."

"And yet we disbelieve in miracles."

Gladys looked at the clock. Five o'clock. Banks were closed and bank staffs were scattered to the four corners of the suburbs to give a tone to local tennis clubs.

"Lady Orshott is not in town?"

"No." Rames was decisive. You played your fish, but at the end the gaff was necessary. "Caroline is in Cumberland—Orshott Towers. In any case she would not see you. She assures me that visits from Fred's lady friends have become monotonous. I have full powers . . . I have a form for signing, Miss James, and then I will fill in Caroline's cheque."

"On a Cumberland bank?"

"Caroline banks with the London, Liverpool and County Bank, St. James's branch."

"It must be an open cheque. I have no banking account." Inasmuch as it was £10 4s. 6d. overdrawn the statement was substantially correct.

"It is open."

"May I ——" Gladys conquered her emotion nobly with two dabs of a small handkerchief. "May I see the form? It—it seems so mercenary."

"Not a bit," Rames declared stoutly. He was pleased. How right he was in believing that all things in this joyful world were open to barter.

"But it is for Fred's good. I am doing it for his sake. He would miss the comfort of his mother's love."

She stretched out her hand for the paper. "In consideration . . . I agree never to marry . . ." She signed resolutely and received the pink slip in exchange. The date she noticed was quite correct.

The Hon. Peter Rames placed the signed slip carefully in his wallet. Then he rose and took her hand. A pretty lady. Now business was concluded the way might be open to a little pleasure. He still held her hand.

"I am glad you have been so—so altruistic," he said. "It is rare that one meets a really intelligent girl. May I call, Gladys—I don't want to lose sight—these are lovely days for a run in the country and my Chrysler ——"

"No, I could not bear it." She spoke so emphatically that Rames was startled.

"What?"

"It would revive memories. I still love Fred."

When later Fred Winsloe was recovered from the kitchen by his wife Gladys he was astounded at the pink slip flourished triumphantly before his eyes.

"What in the devil's name is this for?"

"For refusing to have any other husband but you, Fred. The poor old fool found my name in the telephone directory and jumped to the conclusion that I was that dirty little cat of a chorus girl, Gladys James, who has entangled his nephew. So you see, Fred, the telephone must not be cut out. It has its advantages.

W. E. G.

FILM NOTES

The "TALKIES" TACKLE the PROBLEM of YOUTH

Joan Crawford as a very modern young woman helps to liven things up at the party. She is one of the stars in "Our Dancing Daughters"

Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown, two of the "stars" in the talking film "Our Dancing Daughters"

"OUR Dancing Daughters" is a film depicting very clearly the life of the ultra-modern Young Set which is supposed to exist in America to-day. It is bright and well acted, and also boasts several quite strong love scenes, unusual in a piece of this description.

STRANGELY enough, there is a moral to be derived from it, too, which lies in the time-old adage that frankness and honesty always pay. Most of us have found this to be so, but we have here a very definite example of the truth of the saying in this latest Metro - Goldwyn Mayer synchronised production.

THOUGH not an actual "talkie," any sound is recorded, such as the babel in a ballroom, or the hand-clapping at the end of a dance. This gives a touch of reality to the proceedings, and certainly adds to one's entertainment.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who plays the lead, has made rapid strides from her last work, both from an acting point of view and in the strengthening of her personality. As the rather daring but thoroughly decent-at-heart little heroine she shows herself in quite a new light, and certainly enthralls one with her pretty, attractive face and graceful movements. I liked her in her carefree moments particularly, but she managed to imbue her sad scenes, when the course of true love was not running smoothly, with a pathos that held one's attention.

PERHAPS the more difficult character was portrayed by Anita Page, a pretty blonde. As a heartless decadent young "modern" she excelled, and her drunken scene, ending in her timely death, was almost unpleasantly realistic. She did not overact once, even during her most hysterical outburst. This was a superb performance by a very talented young lady.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN is the other girl, also a dancing daughter, and has been an erring one at that, though repentant now, and John Mack Brown gives a sincere performance as the rich young hero and cause of a lot of trouble.

"ULTRA-MODERN youth. Riotous love." That is how this film is advertised, and these few words sum up the whole show in a nutshell. Go and see it if you want to be amused and forget your troubles for a while. You will certainly not be disappointed. AUBERON.

PARIS GOSSIP

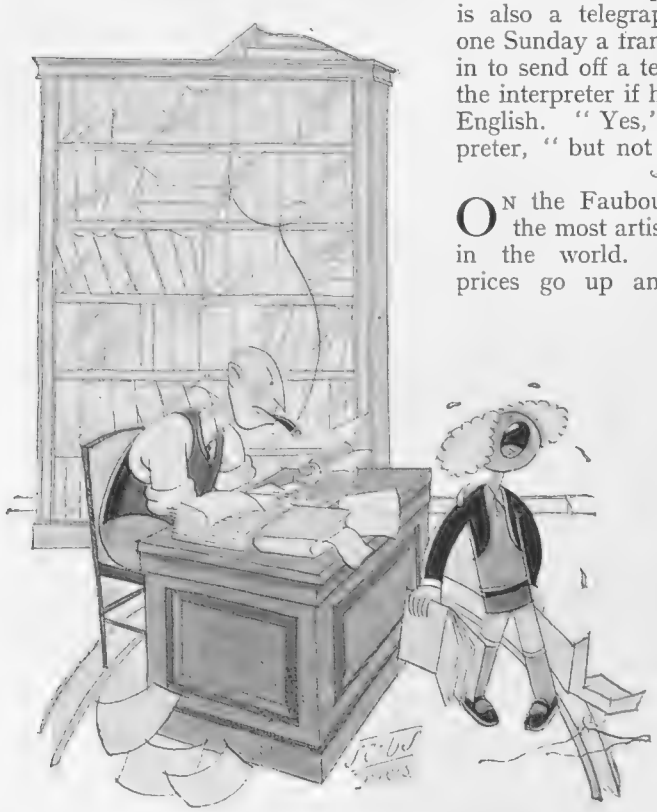
BOURSES, BOOKS AND BELLOWINGS

By JAY MARTIN

Sketches by SCHUS

NEARLY everybody has heard of the Bourse, which is the Paris Stock Exchange. You couldn't help but hear about it with all the screaming that goes on its steps every day. Of course, most people know about the Bourse, because two or three very good restaurants, Tabary, Au Caneton, and the Maisonette Russe, are located there. The Caneton serves remarkable food, for it is where Madame Hanau, the financial wizard, used to have lunch every day. She just sat there and ate, did some figuring, and went right out and swindled people. . . . Personally, I cannot concentrate on the food at the Caneton, I am so fascinated watching other people.

ONE night I was so amazed at seeing the Duc de Leuchtenberg start off with soup, and then pancakes covered in sour cream, then pancakes covered with caviare, then pancakes covered with cream and smoked salmon, just for a starter, that I felt perfectly miserable, lacking such physical or financial capacities. I nearly burst into tears when, after the last of his pancakes went down, he calmly ordered fish, and duck, a salad, and dessert.



"She just cried and cried and cried"

THAT'S one phase of the Bourse district. Another is that in the basement of the Bourse is a post office which is open on Sundays, which is really a marvellous convenience. They have an interpreter there, too, who speaks English. He is also a telegraph operator. But one Sunday a frantic American went in to send off a telegram, and asked the interpreter if he really did speak English. "Yes," said the interpreter, "but not on Sunday."

ON the Faubourg St. Honoré is the most artistic stock exchange in the world. The way picture-prices go up and down, the way artists are made or ruined, is miraculous. One day I was on an upper floor of Bernheim - Jeune, looking at an exhibition of drawings by Constantin-Guys, whom Baudelaire and I agree was the greatest artist who ever tackled the illustration of nineteenth - century life. And on the wall was a diagram explaining just how much the galleries could be rented for dates in the season. One can rent a good-sized gallery during the months of May and June for twenty thousand francs a month, because evidently that's when the picture buyers are in town. You can have a room for fifteen thousand francs in November and December, but in February and March, when nearly everybody is South, you can have it for eight. Prices go up after Easter, and in July they descend.

"The most artistic stock exchange in the world"

IN the big galleries downstairs I have seen the best exhibitions in Paris. Their Manet, their Renoir, their Van Gogh shows have been marvellous. But where the speculations come in is just simply grand. They gave a tremendous boost to Utrillo, who used to sell fried potatoes up on the Butte, and now makes pictures that thrill me not quite as much as fried potatoes can do. But Bernheim-Jeune says he is a great artist, and at the big sales down at the Hôtel Drouot, Utrillos have gone for more than, oh, little artists like Watteau and Boucher! They produce books on Utrillo, beautiful books, and Utrillo, they say, does not know how to read or write.

I HAVE heard it "alleged" that while enormous prices are quoted for some modern painters in the papers, the artists themselves do not get big prices. The money does change hands, but not for long. If a painting by Utrillo or Raoul Dufy does go for some startling price, most of the money goes right back to the buyer. Just a grand bluff! But

PARIS GOSSIP

the artist who is going to make the most money next year is Charles Walhain. His drawing is hideous, to my mind, and his colour anæmic. He has designed the new one-thousand franc notes for the French Government.

As soon as her book on Lafayette appeared the Princess Lucien Murat sent a copy to the little girl of a friend of hers, the daughter of Jacques Bainville, the historian. And what did the little girl do when she received the book, which is full of lovely illustrations in colour? She just cried and cried and cried. She refused to believe that a Princess had written a book. And the more she was told that a Princess had written the book the more she cried. "I thought," the child bellowed, "that a Princess had long golden hair, and wore a crown, and wasn't at all like real people. Why, she can't be any different to Papa, who sits in a stuffy room all day, and growls if anyone disturbs him."

Another bellow, but not of disillusionment, is going up in the Faubourg St. Germain. Elizabeth de la Rochefoucauld, the daughter of the Duc de Bisaccia, and sister of Stanislas, who a year or two ago married Alice Coçea, the Roumanian actress, from the shock of which the family has never recovered, is engaged to the Comte du Luart. Of course, there is nothing the matter with him, except that he has also taken on the title of his dead maternal grandfather, the Marquis de Montsaulin. The joke is that the ambition of the Count Aimery de la Rochefoucauld, before he died, was to publish a little book containing the names of people who used titles to which they had no right. In "Bottin-Mondain," which is a sort of everyday Gotha, he discovered eleven false French Dukes and countless other evidences of people who were mistaken in their own identity.

There is a very much man-about-town in Paris, who lives in an hotel in the Place Vendôme. Sometimes when he has nothing better to do, to get out of it all, he goes for a solitary walk along the Boulevards. And each time he takes a walk he is annoyed by the approach of a man with a horrible Levantine accent, and a horrible Levantine leer, who asks, "Want a guide, sir?" It is doubly annoying, because it hurts his feeling that anybody like himself would be suspected of requiring a guide to anything at all. One night he was completely fed up, and being quite a linguistic mimic, turned the tables on a guide by hunching up his shoulders and saying menacingly, "Go on, get out of here. *I* am working this street!" The news spread from guide to guide, so he is now completely at peace!

The Countess Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld, who is at present in London. She is very well known on the Paris stage, where she plays under the name of Alice Coçea

A few hours before starting out with a party recently, one of the boys, who modestly claims to be only my Second Secretary on the Low-Down, stepped in at a florist to send some orchids to his girl-friend. (At his request he will be referred to here as "Edward.") Anyhow, he came out of the florist's shop, quite intrigued. "The florist," he said, "showed me three hundred orchids on their way to one woman." "I suppose," I remarked, "that she goes in The Best Circles." "It is more likely," said Edward, "that she goes in the best semi-circles."

Here is a story about Bessie Love, the cinema actress, that is no fiction. Ivan Kahn, who is personal representative in Hollywood for a number of stars, was in Paris not long ago. He received a letter from Bessie Love asking him to go to Martial and Armand, the *couturiers*, to see if they would "dress" her, in return for the publicity she could give them in the films. Kahn felt a trifle silly about going to a dressmaker's alone, and asked if I would accompany him. The director was quite amiable, saying that the firm frequently "dressed" stars of the French stage, but had never acted in this capacity for the movies. However, they would do so in this case, and asked Kahn to wire Miss Love, to find out just what her yearly requirements would be, as the total amount must not exceed a sum which sounded very generous to me.

I helped the bewildered man write out the cable, inquiring just what she needed in the matter of sport, afternoon, and evening dresses and coats. In two days an answer came, and it afforded me the big laugh of the year. The modest little thing only asked, *twice* a year: four sport, five afternoon, six dinner, eight evening dresses; two sport, three afternoon, and six evening coats; several beach and house pyjamas; a few tea gowns, and two fur coats. "If you think I am going up there with you and that ridiculous telegram, you are mistaken," I said. "Oh, come on, be a sport," said Kahn. "This hurts me worse than it does you." It just happened that that day the director to whom we had previously spoken was at home with a headache.

"I have a headache too," said Kahn, mopping his brow with the lengthy cable, "and it is going to last until I sail for home." There was only one thing to do—that was to cross the Place Vendôme for a cocktail at the Ritz, so that we could laugh it off. Which we did.

J. M.

The TEACHER and the TAUGHT

Stage Photo Co

Alexander Clark as Tony in "The Patsy" at the Apollo taught Patricia, Helen Ford, how to attract the male sex—and she practised on him with the happiest results for all concerned!

ADVICE TO A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"I suggest a meal at Grosvenor House"

It is one of the most exciting things in the world to get a letter addressed in an unknown hand. 'Course, in the ninety-nine cases it turns out that the dressmaker has got a new secretary with terribly masculine writing and a *penchant* for 1½*d.* stamps, on her bills, or the bank manager has used a private envelope by mistake. I always like an overdraft delivered in plain vans, I mean envelopes, don't you?

But there is the hundredth chance. The letter really *is* from a handsome stranger; someone singing to the tune of

"I did but see her passing by
And yet I love her till I die,"

and wanting to make a date on it; or some *chasseur d'elephants* more than slightly sunburnt, like all handsome men, pleading for a personally conducted tour of London night-life under your guidance.

Heaps of possibilities there are, so imagine how worked up your Rosemary was to find this the other morning; took quite a long walk to the stationers to get some specially nice notepaper to answer on, before she felt calm enough to open it.

"Dear Rosemary,

"I feel I can confide in you and that you will do your best to help me and not think of an appointment at the last minute just when I am in the middle of telling you about what is on my mind, because mine is an exceptional personality, and I have always been misunderstood ever since I can remember. I think I can trace a lot of my very peculiar reactions to the fact that my grandfather tickled me in my bath when I was a baby, and that, of course, is fatal. I have been to Girton, you see, and I once read a book on Behaviourism, which is American for psychology, and made me feel in tune with the infinite for quite a week. But it does not seem to help me very much now, and that is why I am writing to you.

"I am coming to London next week, as I have been invited to dinner by a gentleman that I met at a whist party last Saturday, and I am most anxious to make a good impression. Indeed, I don't mind how good. I mean, I think woman's place is in the home, don't you, and twenty-nine is just a nice age to settle down. But I am not very experienced in these matters, and if you could tell me how to set about it I should be very grateful.

"P.S.—Do you think a girl should tell everything? My mother was one of triplets, and a book about monkeys

HOW TO ATTRACT AN ARCHITECT

that I read said these things go in families. Do you think it might put anyone off? ''

WELL, I always like to help when I can, so I went along to see Phyllis who always keeps a good library, and would probably have some book on the subject. Because it seemed to me that the poor girl was one of the sort that likes to have things in print. And Phyllis was very sympathetic. She invited me to have a look round. '' Begin at the banned books,'' she said, '' they're down here, so that you can get at them easily, and go on to the worst sellers up there. I always arrange my books commercially; so that when I'm hard up I can seize one off its shelf, rush into Charing Cross Road with it, and raise enough wind to get a new hat or merely a bunch of violets according to need.''

WHEN I write to the girl I shall do it on Sunday. I shall be feeling agreeable then; especially in the evening, as there's to be a fearfully good party at the Hyde Park Hotel, a dinner, dance and cabaret arranged by the Duchess of Rutland in aid of some pet charities, and the tickets only £1 each. It really is a charity in itself to brighten our Sunday evenings, too, without waiting for the Channel Tunnel to bring us nearer the Continent.

BUT when I do write, I shall say something like this: '' My dear Girl,—I send you herewith a book that explains in a few well-chosen words the art of being female, with instructions upon the vices and virtues proper to a woman. That is what it says in one of its own chapter headings. I am sorry about the vices, but I am afraid it is true; as the book again says, ' One of the most painful lessons the virtuous have to learn is that people do not fall in love with virtue.' Someone must have known what he was talking about when he said, virtue is its own reward; for it certainly isn't anybody else's.

''AND I should distinctly advise forgetting all that psycho-analysis stuff. It is liable to give the impression that any man you meet is dying to make unseemly advances to you, a state of affairs that is by no means the case; and it is wiser, besides, not to assume it is due to inhibitions when he raises a bowler hat and walks away without getting your telephone number. He may not want it.

''BUT having mastered the technique (which, of course, *dear*, to a *clever* girl like you will be very easy) you should attend to your clothes and prepare to lay the scene for the last act. You don't have to be an actress always to make a scene, remember. I myself should suggest a meal at Grosvenor House, there are nice sofas in the lounge there, and pages particularly trained not to think things, which, my dear, all counts, because you will soon find that in modern life you can never see anyone alone in comfort except in a taxi. Which is why all newly-married couples have the wireless installed; it makes them feel at home again, and not so far from the madding crowd.

''AND it will help you to strike the right note if you go down to that Tudor grill-room; you can talk about old furniture, which will show you have tastes above the hire-purchase system, and you can lead on to anything you like from a minor comment on the fact that there are London's super service flats upstairs.

''DID you say the gentleman was an architect? That is rather awkward. It will be all right once he is inside, but you must see that he gets there in a closed car. The place wasn't meant to be seen from top-of-the-bus level or on foot halfway across the park; built on the principle of the silk stocking with the cotton top, if you know what I mean, ' what the eye don't see . . .' etc.

''BUT, as usually happens, the eye did see, and someone asked a question about it in the House—not the stockings, of course not, M.P.s aren't like that. And they got Sir Edwin Lutyens, I'm told, to throw some odd windows in so as to make the eyes of the people halfway across the park less sore when they looked at it. A case of ' putting the expression in afterwards,' as the school music teacher said in ' The Constant Nymph.' But still, dear, no doubt he won't have time to bother about that, so don't worry.''

''He raises a bowler hat and walks away without getting your telephone number''

A RUGGER REVERIE

OLD BOYS' BATTLES

By PENDARVES

THOSE INJURED INTERNATIONALS

A small grouse, please. On a Monday morning 45 men are given their caps to play for their respective countries. On the following Saturday, the one immediately preceding the Internationals, most of them turn out to play in hard club games on frozen grounds, hardly any of which, of course, have been straw-covered prior to the game. Providentially, it seems that only one of all these players was injured, and he not seriously. But he must needs be England's star centre threequarter, Aarvold. It was only a sprained finger. It might have been a broken leg. There seems no sense in this.

In spite of the iron-jelloid condition of most of the Rugger grounds about Britain on the day I am dealing with, no fewer than thirty Old Boys' battles were waged; though several simply had to be scratched in places where the grounds were unduly exposed and absolutely impossible, notably Old Merchant Taylors, Old Blues and Old Haileyburians. The whole question of Old Boys' Rugger has become a very interesting one. If some of the leading clubs in the country will unshackle themselves from their conservatism and open their fixture lists next season to some of these ex-Public School teams they will find that they will not only be given jolly good games, but some of them will in all probability receive rude shocks behind their goal lines.

Some clubs of repute have long since opened their doors, so to speak, to the Old Boys' army. The Old Merchant Taylors, owing largely to the initiative of the great forward, Cove-Smith, their past leader, have been in the limelight for many seasons. This famous club has been playing good football continuously since 1882. And nowadays they make any club side in the country put up its strongest team against them. There are others who would claim equal fame, I suppose; such as the Old Leysians, formed in 1877; Old Blues, 1873; Old Alleynians (not so old!); Old Haileyburians, 1903 (mere babes in age!); Old Paulines; and Old Millhillians. But all these teams play hard scientific footer; and some of them field several sides every Saturday.

I took a very famous scrum half with me—swearing horribly because he was crocked and could not play himself—to see the Old Leysians mauling the Old Paulines the other day. He became more silent and more impressed as this fast, open, and, in many respects, first-class game proceeded. He watched men such as Embleton and Mills of the Paulines and Morel and Gray of the Leysians doing better things than we had both seen from time to time on greater grounds. And when we came away he unconsciously summed up the situation by remarking, "I *say*, this Old Boys' business is the goods, m'lad." He had never been one in that sense, having gone up to the Varsity in a blaze of Rugger glory from school, and came down as a Blue and all the rest of it, to be immediately snaffled by a Big-Gate-Club.

The more spectacular, first-side footer a good Old Boys' club is given the chance of playing against the star-turn teams, the more popular will after-school Rugger become and the higher will the standard of play grow. And this is, therefore, merely a humble plea for a fair field and no disfavour to the development of the Old Boys' games by those leading clubs who are at present not giving fixtures to them as much as they should. There are brilliant exceptions to this bland ostracism. The genial United Services Club is a case in point. One sees one of their sides (it doesn't matter which, they are all pretty good) giving battle to the Old Alleynians on a cast-iron ground at Portsmouth; and only just crawling home to the tune of 9-6. Guy's Hospital are also very open-handed in the nature of their matches, and gave a helofahiding to U.C.S. Old Boys on this particular day.

But there are others who are not so democratic, and who should be. From the spectators' point of view (not that he matters a—a bit) there are few games more galvanising than when two schools meet, represented by their Old Boys, between whom there is no love lost at any time. The players are usually in the zenith of their Rugger-playing days. They have filled out. The venom is still uppermost in the mind. The wind is sound: the superiority complex is still rampant . . . need I say more?

I am waiting with an ill-suppressed eagerness for the day when Eton plays Harrow at Rugger. That will be SOME game. Unfortunately for all concerned Eton and Harrow play the game during different terms. Did the School Governors arrange this together purposely—so that a modicum of peace on earth might be preserved?

Planet News

A fine forward rush during the County match between Devon and Somerset at Exeter, which resulted in a win for Devon by 17 points to nil. Some of the straw that was laid to protect the ground from the frost can be seen in the photograph

Some cars have character—

others have none, most cars lose their character in the similarity of standardisation. Others lose their character in the course of a few months' running, when the engine and coachwork begin to get noisy . . . but a SINGER has character, and keeps it. This character is determined by the practical expression of thought in design and construction—and is enhanced by the fittings and finish in every detail. Evidence of this is apparent to all persons of good taste and judgment—which is the reason why a SINGER is usually selected in preference to the commonplace car. And when you own it, you will be proud to say that it is BRITISH. If you desire a car that has distinction and character above the ordinary . . . . and very generous equipment . . . . obtainable at a price that challenges comparison for value . . . . you will select a SINGER. The JUNIOR from £135, has more room than the usual 'baby' car and is fitted with Newton hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers and four-wheel brakes. All four-seaters have four wide doors. The SENIOR from £230, has untarnishable chromium plating, safety glass windscreen, and Dewandre vacuum servo brakes on all four wheels. The SIX from £300, has safety glass all round at no extra cost, and a wonderful system of central lubrication operated by foot-pedal under the dashboard. Coachwork, choice of colour and finish of all Models are of the highest order. The new Sunshine Saloons are of exclusive design, and wind up or down from the driver's seat whilst travelling, acclaimed at the Motor Show as the best yet designed.

SINGER

JUNIOR-SENIOR-SIX

Full particulars of all 1929 Models, demonstration runs, and Deferred Payments may be obtained through SINGER Authorised Dealers. Three separate Booklets for the JUNIOR, SENIOR and SIX Models are now ready — please write for whichever you are interested in to: SINGER & COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: 202, Great Portland Street, W.1.

H.P.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

ARNOLD BENNETT'S MODERN GIRL

By RALPH STRAUS

SOMEBODY, I see, has written to the newspapers indignantly denying that she is, or ever was, a Bright Young Thing. But what is a Bright Young Thing? Goodness only knows. You might just as well ask me what is a "Society Girl" or a "Clubman." (I happen to belong to five or six clubs myself, but nobody has ever called me a Clubman. Why not? Goodness only knows.) But I do know that the young woman of to-day, whether she be bright or only beauteous, whether she dances every night of the year or only once a week, whether she patronises her parents or merely attempts to ignore them, is not quite the Shy Young Thing of my youthful days. On the surface, indeed, she is altogether different.

A little way below, too, there are developments which sometimes seem queer to mere men. That new-found faculty, for instance, of knowing her own mind; occasionally it can be most upsetting. And yet deep down has the change been so great? What have the novelists to say on the matter? Let us look at a few of the latest heroines, who, at any rate, are amusingly live people.

To begin with, there is a new Arnold Bennett story, and I have always considered Mr. Bennett to be about the *liveliest* writer amongst us. It does not seem to matter two straws what he may happen to be writing about—women or books, or merely a table. He is the only man, so far as I know, who, if the spirit moved him, could talk about that table in such a way that you would recognise it at sight. You would be aware of every detail of its appearance, its history, its astonishing virtues and its regrettable vices.

More, you would covet that table, for it would have ceased to be ordinary and become a very remarkable table indeed: almost a miraculous table. And reading about it you would have become aware that Mr. Bennett was doing much more than introducing you to a table: he would be causing you to share his own surprise and delight that that table and all the people who had had anything to do with its construction and use could exist.

❋

AND SO, when a new Bennett novel comes along you may be assured of one thing: a lively book, which will reflect Mr. Bennett's surprise and delight at some persons or things. Also there is always the chance that it will be a masterpiece like *The Old Wives' Tale*. Now *Accident* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is not that, but not to have read it will mean that you have missed a portrait of the modern young woman which is about as perfect as it very well could be.

You may think what you like about Pearl, who coolly proposes to leave her young husband because he has announced his intention of "going Labour." That this is a common cause of separation may be doubted, but Pearl has made up her mind, and apparently nothing will change it.

Mr. Edgar Wallace seen not condescending to consult the police as regards the time in Switzerland. He is staying at the Caux Palace, at Caux

A tactful father-in-law, fortuitously travelling to Italy in the same train, attempts to "bring her to reason," without success. An aeroplane flight half across Europe on the part of her husband, in order to join that train, does not alter her decision. Even when a railway accident comes, which involves all three of them, Pearl remains her obstinate but quite charming self. But when her worried and worshipping husband agrees to put love before Labour, she will not hear of the sacrifice, and henceforth, one can only suppose, the Queer Young Thing will "go Labour" just as enthusiastically as he does.

A problem has been propounded, but does Mr. Bennett solve it? No. He is satisfied to show you Pearl as he conceives her to be, and, after all, what more can you ask for? Besides, there is very much more in the book than a young woman's portrait. There is a whole panorama, as seen through the eyes of a man who shares at least one characteristic with Mr. Bennett himself: surprise at and delight in life.

A train journey across Europe, even with an accident thrown in, can be just as tiring to read about as it is to experience; but Mr. Alan Frith-Walter's progress in the various trains is one long, delightful surprise. It is as though the reader had somehow been smuggled into his trains, and watched everything by his side. The book, indeed, shows Mr. Bennett in his most inquisitive and adventurous mood: it is a joyous and by no means unimportant piece of work.

❋

PEARL is an obstinate young woman, but she is never hard, and I do not suppose she would like to be called a Bright Young Thing. I pass on to an equally obstinate creature, who seems to be very much harder, but who, like Pearl, melts into something like the Shy Young Thing of long ago in the moment of crisis. This is Ann Cosway, the heroine of F. E. Baily's new story, *Pleasure Pets* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This novel is worth reading. It is written with considerable charm. But—what a title to choose! Pleasure Pets! Why not *Her Splendid Caveman* or *Treat 'Em Rough*, and be done with it? It is quite true that Ann marries for position and a good time, and she has every intention of putting her husband in what she is pleased to call his proper place, but "pet" is the last word I would have applied to her. As a hard-working cousin of hers very pertinently remarks, she ought to have married the Army and Navy Stores.

She is hard and selfish, and treats her husband like dirt the first moment he bores her. But how much of all this is pose and how much real? She deliberately flirts with danger, and enjoys it. She is angry when her husband loses most of his money, but she is also badly frightened, and fright leads to a sloughing off of pose. Perhaps she is luckier than most of her kind. Perhaps her career is rather more romantic than it ought to have been, but it would seem that F. E. Baily agrees with Mr. Bennett. Deep down woman remains more or less what she has always been.

❋

I HAD hoped that *Lady Isobel's Indiscretion* (Palmer: 7*s.* 6*d.*) would have introduced us to another modern young woman, but, after beginning amusingly enough in a girls' school, Mr. John Halvewood's story tails off into the most ludicrously impossible melodrama. On page 181 a "merciless" Earl says to the hero who has been courting his daughter quite nicely and properly in a wood: "Such men as you I treat as the scum of the earth, as the very dust beneath my feet. That you, a low-born adventurer, should presume ——." I really thought that in these days earls had overcome their old-time difficulty in talking like human beings. But it seems not. R. S.

❋

IN our issue of January 9, 1929, Mr. H. W Yoxall's book *All Abroad* (Faber and Gwyer, 7*s.* 6*d.* net) was mistakenly described as being his first novel. Messrs. Faber and Gwyer published "Modern Love," a novel by Mr. H. W. Yoxall, in the spring of 1927.

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"Aristocratic dignity, soothing silence, deceiving speed, immaculate taste, luxurious comfort."—*Eve.*

"The name all the world over is a synonym for all the highest achievement in engineering skill."—*Eve.*

"Silence and smoothness of travel are two outstanding characteristics of a Rolls-Royce."—*Field.*

"When Rolls-Royce approve of a thing the world may take it that it is right."—*Ill. Sport. & Dram. Ns.*

"The name Rolls-Royce is applied to-day to everything that is perfect."—*La Vie Automobile.*

"In the matter of motor car perfection Rolls-Royce serves as a standard."—*La Vie Automobile.*

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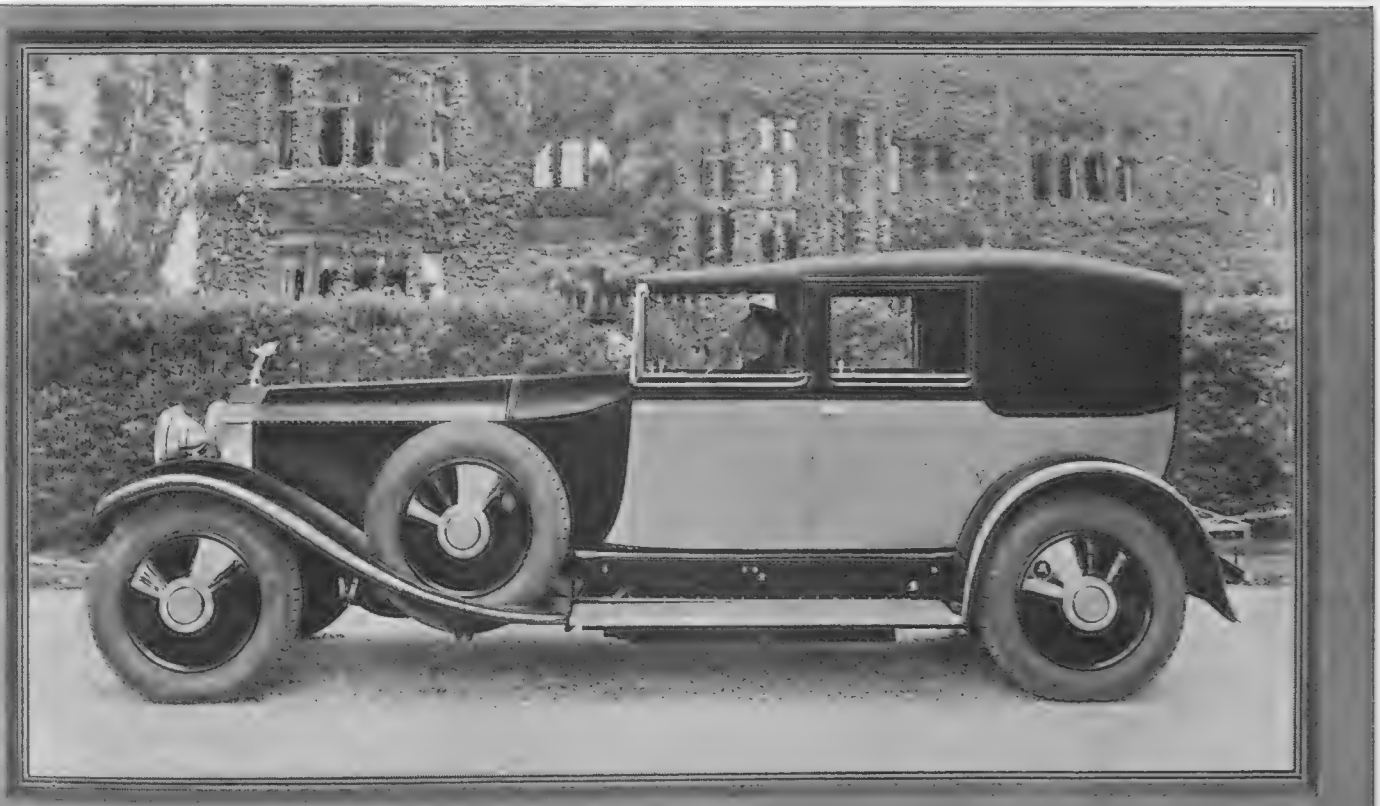


The Hooper Sedanca on Rolls-Royce chassis that again won the Premier Award, Concours d'Elegance, Biarritz, September 4th, 1928. Similar cars were also awarded the Premier Prize, Concours d'Elegance, at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and Grand Prix d'Honneur, Monte Carlo, during 1928.

Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., Motor-body Builders to H.M. the King, 54, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1.

Kennington Service

MOTOR NOTES

SAFETY First in SUNNY SPAIN

By E. M. WRIGHT

IN Spain they do these things differently, judging by a recent news paragraph from Madrid. Since January 1 there has not been (at the time I write) a single road accident in Madrid. And here is the reason: By edict of the Marqués de Estella any motorist who knocks down a pedestrian shall be instantly arrested without regard to circumstances, and shall—unless the injuries are only of the most trifling kind—be imprisoned for a minimum of six years. If death should result the motorist is to be adjudged guilty of homicide, and his sentence will be a minimum of twelve years.

***

CAR-R-R-RAMBA! I have a clean licence—for which I thank whatever gods there be, adding a special pæan to our Lady Fortuna—but I shall not risk a motor trip in Spain. It is far too dangerous. Glimpse mentally the poignant telegram you might have to send to your nearest and dearest: "Mangled a matador. See you in 1935." Were the matador hopelessly drunk after celebrating a victory in the local bull ring, were he to dart incontinently into a stream of traffic on a foggy night (Do they have fogs in Spain?), were your car to skid suddenly on a piece of Valencia orange peel—it would, it seems, avail you nothing. It is six years "without the option"—done into flowing Castilian; and all you can do is to mutter a few high-sounding Spanish oaths as they lead you away to the cells.

***

I SEE that the taxi-drivers in Barcelona went on strike as a protest against this stringent law. And can we blame them? I should hate—knowing all the time that if I so much as grazed the shin of an organ-grinder I should "do time" for years—to have a testy fare urging me to drive faster and faster. In Madrid matters have taken a different turn. There the motorist—only too anxious to oblige—cordially waves on the carefree pedestrian. What are a few minutes in the land of *manaña* compared with six years in the cells! And the following is the happy result: "Blocks," says the news story, "at nearly every street crossing in Central Madrid have become almost permanent."

***

I CANNOT help feeling a sneaking liking for the uncompromising methods of the Spanish Dictator. I should like to be able to do something of the sort in England, only my law would run after this fashion: "Jaywalking" (stepping off the pavement in a brown study and wandering diagonally across the roadway)—minimum penalty six years. Owning a tramcar, advocating the running of tramcars, driving a tramcar, travelling in a tramcar—in short, having anything whatever to do with a tramcar—minimum penalty, twelve years. Riding a bicycle all over the road, riding abreast of another cyclist, and, above all, riding after dark without proper lights—summary penalty, without right of appeal, "something lingering with boiling oil in it."

***

MEANWHILE, if we in this country cannot have dictators, we can have grandmothers. Here is what I might call "This Week's Political Note": Mr. E. Ramsden, M.P. for Bradford North, has introduced a Bill to provide that 'buses and motor coaches shall carry a first-aid outfit, and someone who knows how to use it. The measure enjoys the splendid title of The Road Transport (First-aid Equipment) Bill, and has already been read a first time.

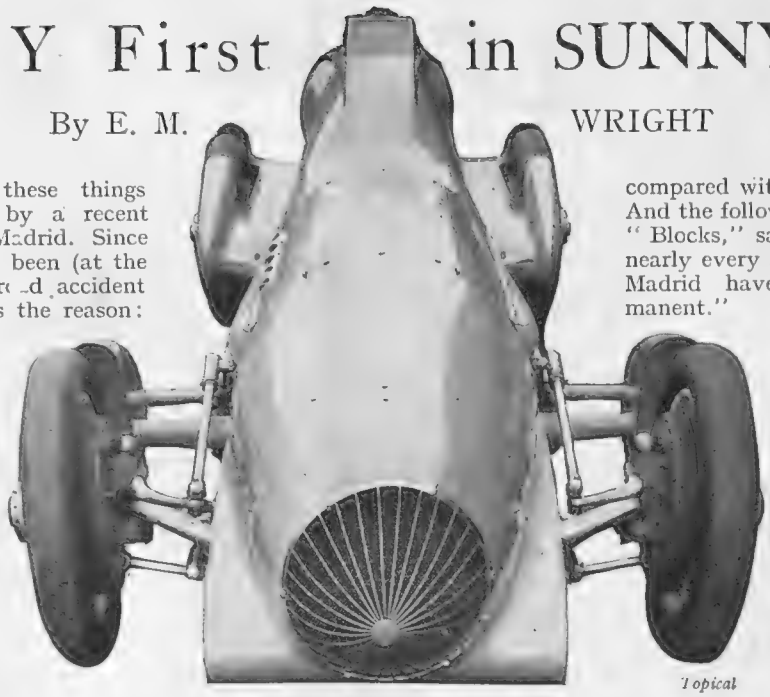
***

ONE of the reasons given is that with the spread of road travel to the remotest parts of the country accidents sometimes occur a considerable distance from the nearest doctor's house. It would be interesting to know how many of all the 'buses and motor coaches in the country go so far afield as all that, and the proportion of these liable to meet with accident. If we put it as high as 1 in 10,000, that means that 9,999 first-aid sets and persons competent to use them will have to be carried for the benefit of the one that is marked down by fate. It all sounds like a huge joke, but I am afraid it is quite serious, and, of course, the fare-paying public will ultimately have to meet the cost.

***

IT is a pity that, when there are so many urgent reforms needed,

(Continued on page 194)



Topical

Capt. Malcolm Campbell's record car, the Napier Arrol Aster, Bluebird, which he is taking to South Africa for his attempt to wrest the world's speed record from America. It is seen here in a head-on view, showing streamlining of body incorporating the fairing for the driver's shoulders

Sir Hugo and Lady Hirst about to enter a Vauxhall 20-60 Bedford Saloon at Melbourne during the visit of the British Economic Delegation to Australia

THE SUCCESS OF THE CAR WITH TWO TOP GEARS

Listen to the Experts! "A car of outstanding interest" (1) "Simply phenomenal speeds on hills" (2) "Driving is really fascinating" (3) "Superb accelerating power" (4) "The highest speed we have ever attained on a standard American production submitted to us for test" (5) "Quite remarkable" (6)

Now try the Graham-Paige yourself. Prove that you too can change down at 40 or 50 without double declutching or pausing. Prove that the third is as silent as all the experts say it is. Then ask yourself whether any other car offers equal advantages and value.

Prices of 6-cylinder 4-door Saloons, complete with bumpers and all accessories: 19.8 *h.p. Model £345; 23.4 h.p. Model £475; 29.4 h.p. Model £575; (long wheelbase, 7-seater limousine £785); 36.4 h.p. straight eight model, £850 (7-seater limousine, £915). Also attractive Mulliner Weymann Saloons at £545 and £645*

Actual quotations from

1. *The Times*
2. *Graphic*
3. *Sunday Times*
4. *Referee*
5. *Motor*
6. *Observer*

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Distributors for London and Home Counties:

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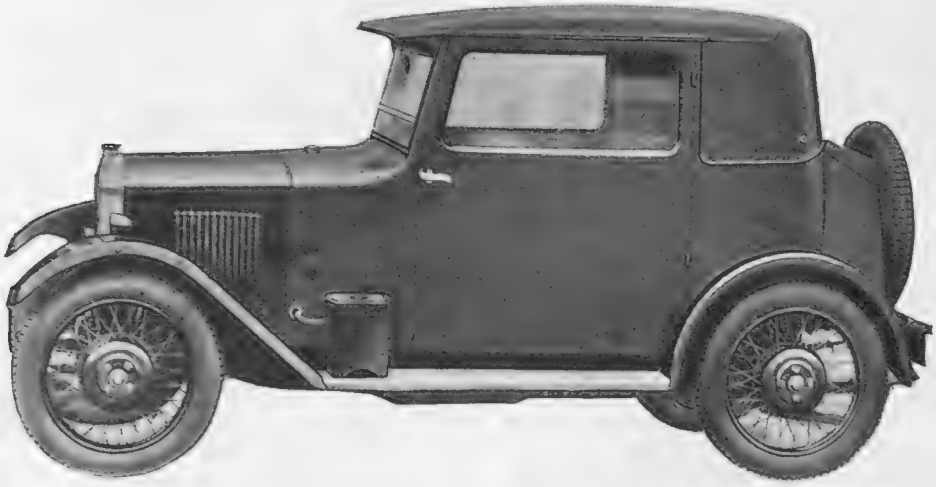
G.P 9

(Continued from page 192)

when motorists are still being persecuted by the police for exceeding 20 m.p.h. on wide, straight, open roads, when the Ministry of Transport is still giving grants for the laying of these glass-smooth, death-trap roads—measures of this kind are allowed to take up the time of the House. I understand, however, that there is no truth in the rumour of a Motor 'Bus (Lifebelt Fitment) Bill being brought in to provide for the possibility of mishap on such 'buses as have to negotiate flooded roads; nor that a Charabanc (Cocktail Shaker Employment) Bill is in prospect to provide for drivers who might wilt from thirst and so endanger the lives of passengers.



A neat little four-seater Sportsman's Coupé brought out by Singer and Co. on their 8 h.p. Junior chassis. It is priced at £175 complete

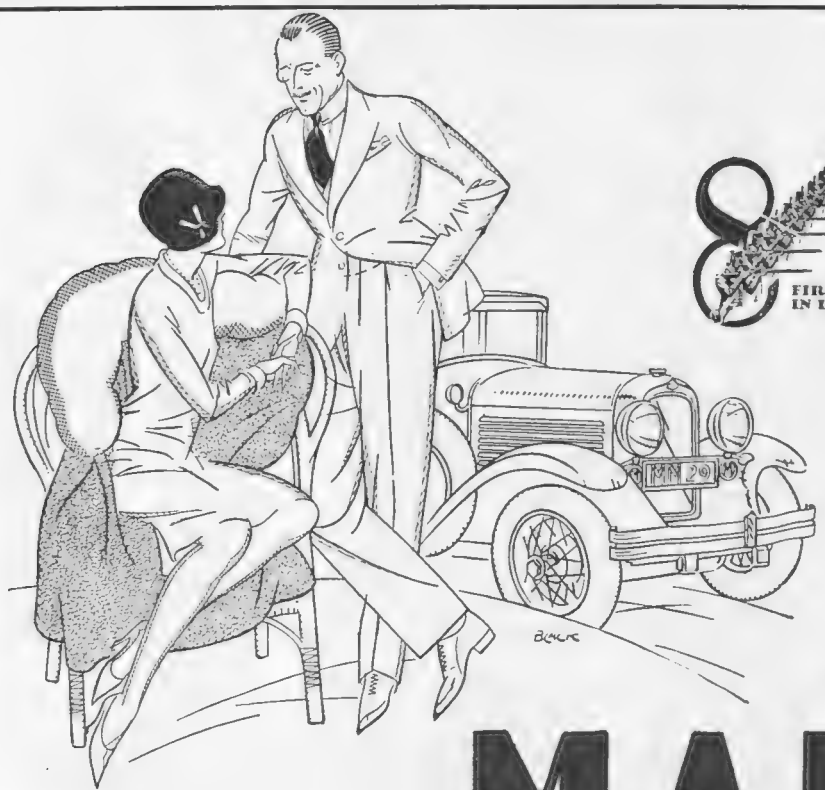
THE historic stand made by Hobbs and Sutcliffe in the crucial third Test match in Melbourne—a stand which made victory practically certain and so secured the Test match "rubber" and the Ashes, was turned into one of the happiest pieces of topical advertising I have seen. Anticipating that the redoubtable pair would live up to tradition, the Shell people had an advertisement out on Saturday—the very day the first wicket stand was described in the morning papers and the final result in early evening editions. At the top was a cartoon showing Hobbs and Sutcliffe in the act of "stealing a short run," which is, of course, a leading characteristic of their methods. The wording underneath featured the Shell slogan, "Th Quick-Starting Pair"—a neat reminder of this company's advice to use both Shell oil and petrol to get an easy start these cold mornings. Would that more motor-advertisers took advantage of the big news events of the day to invest their announcements with real interest to the public.

***

MR. C. W. NASH, President of the Nash Motors Company, who was in Europe at the time of the last Paris and London Shows, has been giving his opinion on European conditions on his return to the Nash works at Kenosha, Wis. He considers that the larger manufacturers in Europe and America are "thinking more nearly along the same lines of design than ever before," and remarks on the fact that, in spite of the advance in all-steel bodywork, there are still many makers in both continents who pin their faith to bodies of composite construction, i.e., wood and steel.

***

THERE will not, however, be general agreement over here with one or two of his statements, such as "Our own body-builders and artists of Europe are of one mind in the matter of 1929 styles." I think he rather flatters himself there. And speaking of the London and Paris Shows, he says: "This year few fabric bodies were seen." By whom, I wonder? Comparing the two European Shows, however, Mr. Nash remarks: "I liked the English exhibition best. It was staged better than that in Paris, and held more displays than our own national shows." The Nash people recently celebrated the completion of the 100,000th car of the current series, which they term the "400." E. M. W.



8 FIRING IN LINE

Well Nina, what do you really think of her?

Bill, she's altogether lovely—her springing and acceleration are wonderful and her performance on the open satisfies even my morbid craving for speed. If only I could lure Jim along to their showrooms. . . .

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MODEL "68" *from* £565

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LUXURY *with durability*

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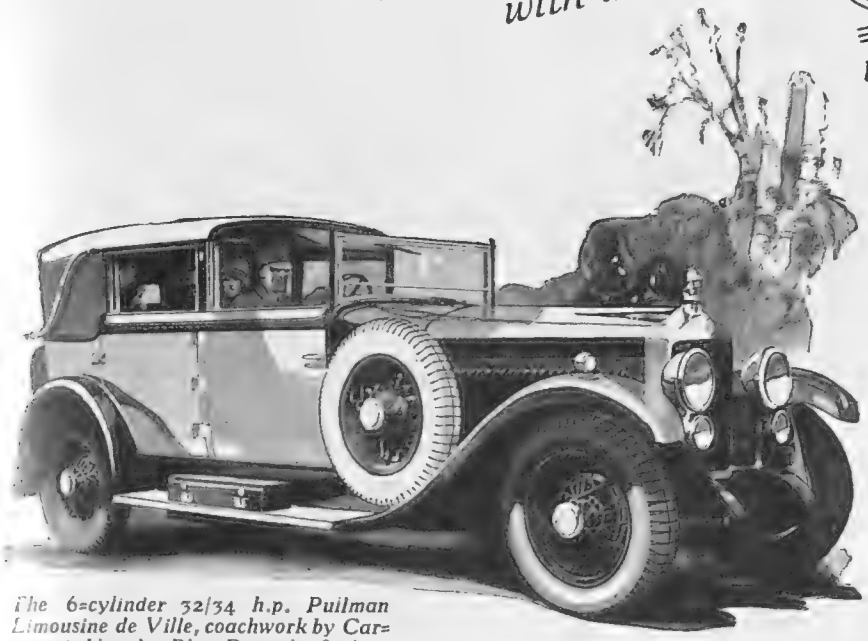

The 6-cylinder 32/34 h.p. Pullman Limousine de Ville, coachwork by Carrosserie Van den Plas. Brussels, £1,675.

The "32" Minerva must always remain the car of the few because of the rigid policy which insists that nothing but the best shall have any place in its manufacture.

Its sleeve-valve engine is silent even at high speed, but an even greater testimony to the excellency of this car is the "cruising" speed of 50/55, which gives the delightful sense of complete security.

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MOTOR OIL

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MOTOR CARS
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Dear Sirs,

The LEA-FRANCIS Car established an enviable reputation at its very inception and in 1924 in the R.A.C. Six Days Trial was awarded by the R.A.C. a Special Gold Medal for Consistent Running, Hill Climbing, and Condition after the Trial, and has since maintained a wonderful record of over 100 Consistent Successes. During the past year you will remember the winning of the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race by the LEA-FRANCIS Car, with Mr. Kaye Don at the wheel, and G.N.T. Eyston 6th in the Race, also the following:-

First British car in J.C.C. 200 Miles Race - Mr. Kaye Don.

Brooklands August Bank Holiday Meeting Presidents Gold Plate, 1st Mr. Kaye Don at an average speed of 103.36 m.p.h.

90 M.P.H. Short Handicap, 1st H.M.V. Sutton.

We would like to convey our appreciation of the quality of the Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oil that has shared in these successes, and which we use throughout our Works. We have found this lubricant best suited to maintain the perfect performance of our cars, and therefore have no hesitation in recommending its exclusive use to all who own LEA-FRANCIS Cars.

We are, Yours faithfully,
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REAR-AXLE
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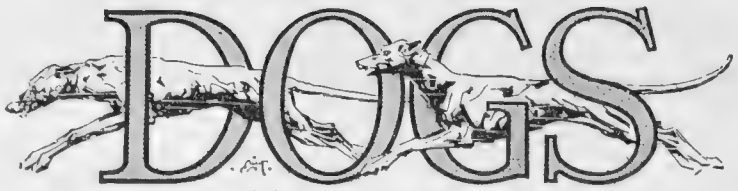
The
Lanchester Straight Eight.

THE winner of the Silver Trophy for the finest Car entered in the Great International Motor Rally and Concours d'Elegance held at Southport in September, and also of the Silver Cup for the best car in its class. The actual Car is illustrated above. Full particulars on request.

Lanchester Cars

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 95, New Bond Street, London, W. 88, Deansgate, Manchester.



By "The Kennelman"

THE BIGGEST SHOW EVER !

WEDNESDAY of next week brings that always popular doggy event, the National Terrier Club's Championship Show, in the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, Westminster. All the sixteen breeds of Terriers will be well represented, and well cared for, too, the benching and feeding being entrusted to Spillers, as it was at Cardiff last week, and will be at the big Terrier and (still stupidly so-called) "Toy" Show at Portsmouth on February 13. But, noteworthy as these functions are, at the moment all others inevitably pale somewhat in the shadow of next month's mammoth event of the doggy season: Cruft's great Show at the Agricultural Hall on February 6 and 7. The number of entries suggests that it will prove the biggest Dog Show ever held.

As in previous years, the benching and feeding of this mammoth gathering have been entrusted to Spratt's, Ltd.

EXPERTS, students, and interested amateurs who want the best measure of profit out of the opportunity a function of this calibre offers, should book it as a two-day engagement, and picnic in the Hall both days, for one can't really "do" so big a show in a day. To go through it intelligently is really in itself a doggy education. Not only can one compare thousands of the very finest Dogs in the world, including those of practically every known breed, but one can study at first hand their care, feeding, housing, grooming, training, and the like; one can see classified specimens of the best Dog foods, appliances, furniture, medicines, accessories, etc., and—perhaps most valuable of all to the inquirer—one can meet face to face the leading breeders, experts, judges, kennelmaids and kennelmen, from every part of Britain, and from a dozen other countries as well.

"THERE'S sound sense in what you say of the shortcomings of Dog-buyers, as distinguished from the breeders and sellers, in the matter of training and educating their Dogs," writes "Another Kennelman," well known as breeder and dealer both. "They certainly do miss a lot of interest. But, mark my words, our breeders also ought to be doing more. Their Dogs are far better than those of other countries, but many foreigners are giving their customers better value for money in this increasingly important matter of training, which makes Dogs fit in so much better with the complications of present-day life in town and country. I have proved for myself how much would-be Dog-keepers value what the efficient breeder and seller can do on these lines, even in the case of quite young puppies. He obviously can't keep them in his own house, of course; but there's very little worth learning that can't be taught in kennels, including strict cleanliness, leading, heeling, answering calls, staying put, etc.—worth learning, worth teaching, and, don't forget, worth paying for. Personally, if I were a buyer, I'd take nothing under about four months old, and I'd demand, and expect to pay for, elementary education. It's worth while for both sides."

"What an enthralling field for research there is," writes "A Berkshire Bystander," "in that extraordinary unknown sense that homing Dogs—no less than homing birds—display! Surely better worth study than half the freakish psychic and psycho-analytical stunts one reads of!" The writer quotes a recent record of an Irish Terrier taken a 250-mile railway journey in India, escaping from his strange destination, and turning up at home thirty-six hours later with paws raw and bleeding from having covered most of the distance along the railway track, where it is certain that his sense of sight and scent, however keen, could not possibly have guided him. The same applies even to fifty-mile journeys here in England, especially having regard to the nature of modern road traffic. A North London dog, never before out of his own suburb, is taken down to Brighton one Sunday in his master's car, is lost somewhere along the King's Road, and turns up at home with the milk next morning. What sense guides him?

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"Cambrian" Easy Chair with a specially deep seat, covered in a rich rose damask and upholstered all hair. Loose cushions at back and on seat, filled with down, £15 0 0

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Delicious
OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
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P.458

FLYING NOTES

Air History by Lady Bailey

LADY BAILEY'S flight has been an example of skill and courage difficult to match even in these days when all things seem possible. It should be an inspiration to everyone who has the leisure and means to travel, yet lacks the initiative to fly. How simple it sounds when one reads an account of her journey, which she describes as "just flying about." Actually she is the first pilot to make the return trip from South Africa *via* the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, and the edge of the Sahara, a feat requiring accurate navigation and sound judgment of weather, in addition to the ordinary qualities of a good pilot.

If it is possible for a woman to be awarded the Air Force Cross, Lady Bailey certainly deserves the distinction of being the first of her sex to receive it. Her trusty Moth and its Cirrus engine need no special mention, except that they have assisted still further in the conquest of Africa, which is fast becoming the Mecca of all air travellers.

Keystone

A remarkable photograph of the "Question Mark," the American Army plane which recently set up the world's endurance flight record at Los Angeles, being refuelled by a tube from another plane. The "Question Mark," the lower plane, flew continually over Los Angeles for six days, carrying a crew of five

Flying for All

NATIONAL FLYING SERVICES, LTD., known to the more familiar as "Guest and Co.," is about to be launched publicly, Lt.-Col. Ivo Edwards, C.M.G., its managing director, having already put in two months' work on preliminary organisation. With its main object that of making private flying cheaper, this concern deserves support not only from sportsmen at large, but from everyone interested in national service. If ever a country needed sound schemes of national enterprise, England does at the present time. Plans for Channel tunnels and arterial roads have their place, but no town in the British Isles can hold up its head unless it possesses a landing ground, to the making of which the local unemployed would willingly turn their hands.

A New Aerodrome

THE headquarters of the new company will be at Hanworth, where a country club is being established, with provision for other sports as well as flying. This principle will be applied to all centres, in order to have counter attractions to hedge-hopping in mist and rain. Hanworth may well become the "Ranelagh" of the air, one of those places where one simply must be seen.

Personalities

As its nickname implies, Sq.-Ldr. the Hon. F. E. Guest, D.S.O., M.P., who is at present on a flight through Africa, is the Chairman of the new concern, supported by Colonel the Master of Sempill and Sir Alan Cobham. Mr. G. E. F. Boyes is assisting Col. Edwards on the operational side. He was prominent in forming the Seven Aero Club, one of the earliest clubs in the country, and used to enter machines for every competition that ever happened.

AN AFRICAN EPIC

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

A Fair Field and No Favour

ANY individual or group which gathers together 100 potential flying members, and secures a landing ground, can qualify for assistance in erecting buildings and purchasing aircraft. The doubtful blessing of standardising one particular type of machine has been dropped in favour of providing either of two engines, which are practically interchangeable on all existing light planes. The types of light plane engine are limited, whereas new machines are scheduled to appear every other day, so that the Spartan, the Auto-Gyro, and the new all-metal Bluebird have as good a chance in the scheme as the Moth and the Avian.

America Sets the Pace

AT Curtiss Field, Long Island, there is a restaurant for pilots and passengers where the menu is printed in—"crash," that's an omelette; a "sideslip" will produce bread and butter, whilst ham and eggs suggests that satisfactory feeling of a "three-point landing." Two poached eggs on toast can no longer be called "Adam and Eve on a Raft," becoming "Two Q.B.s (Quiet Birdmen) on a cloud" instead, all of which sounds very childish, but there is an intimate connection between flying and eating to which any pilot will testify. I don't know whether the lungs become supercharged with oxygen, but it always seems to me that an omelette at the little stone *café* at Cuatro Vientos, Madrid, or a steak at Schipol Aerodrome, Amsterdam, was more satisfactory than any meal in the town.

Straight from the Hangar

SQ.-LDR. HINKLER'S old mount, the Avro Baby on which he flew non-stop to Turin just after the war, is now owned by Mr. H. Leach, son of Dr. J. W. Leach, of Leeds. This remarkable machine, fitted with a 35 horse-power Green engine, was the forerunner of our present light 'planes. Mr. Douglas has created great interest and much jealousy at Lympne by appearing on a little D.H.53, which is senior to the Moth and a delightful machine to fly in ordinary weather.

This Airship Business

As a species I should say that the private airship owner in our time would be rare, and therefore the movements of airships are likely to provide actual excitement for millionaires, giving the general public only the benefit of sensational items in the daily Press. According to Mr. E. F. Spanner in his latest book, "About Airships," the public has been given an anæsthetic in the shape of official propaganda on this subject for some years, in order to extract quietly from its purse £2,000,000 with which to carry out work which can be nothing more than experimental. If this be true, one may expect a reply from Commander Burney justifying the scheme, though it does seem a bit odd that we couldn't have tried things out more modestly. The aeroplane, on the other hand, has already proved an efficient conductor of traffic, reasonably safe and punctual in operation. Imperial Airways service in the Middle East has been running at practically 100 per cent. reliability since its inception. When some of their Jupiter engines were taken down for overhaul after more than 20,000 miles flying through the sandy air of the desert the engineers found that there was no sign of wear and tear.

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

(No. 5)

BY H. H. HARRIS

WHEN JIX DECIDED HE MUST ADOPT THE COLLAR WHICH GIVES HIM FREE PUBLICITY

By Appointment Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers to H M The King

E Burke (France) and R. Ramillon (France) playing on "En-Tout-Cas" Red Court in the Doubles Final of the World's Professional Lawn Tennis Championships at Queen's Club, Kensington, October, 1928.

IMPORTANT NEWS

Courts with faster and firmer surfaces. New Courts that require 50% less upkeep.

1 **THE "EN-TOUT-CAS BOUHANA" HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT**—as used for the Finals of the Davis Cup, French Championships, etc., 1928.

2 **THE "EN-TOUT-CAS" RED HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT**—as used for the World's Professional Championship, 1928, at Queen's Club, Kensington. The Courts used for this Championship had been used regularly for 7 years, and these Courts were selected although comparatively new Green Courts (made by our competitors) were alongside.

3 **THE "EN-TOUT-CAS" GREEN HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT.** The latest method and materials used for this Court mean that the colour lasts longer than any other Green Court on the market, and there is a minimum amount of upkeep.

Many of the important features of the "Bouhana" Court have been embodied in the "En-Tout-Cas" Courts, which means that all Courts in future will require 50% less upkeep.

"THE En-Tout-Cas Bouhana" HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

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WINTER IN EGYPT AT CAIRO

TELEGRAMS PALACE HELIOPOLIS, EGYPT

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Stitched homespun fashions the charming country hat in the centre, while felt is responsible for the important affair on the left, and for the becoming cloche. From the Army & Navy Stores

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

A Spring Fashion Note

ALREADY the first whispers about the jealously-guarded secrets of the new Spring fashions are beginning to be faintly heard, and at cocktail parties, or over gleaming tea-tables, the women-who-know are conjecturing which of the latest whims will survive, and which are doomed to fail. One thing is certain, and that is when formal clothes are worn the craze for "matching" each item of the *ensemble* will be more marked than ever. Grey is frequently to be seen on the Riviera just now, and so it is probable that an attempt will be made to enthrone it in place of the so-long-popular beige. Shoes of a precisely similar shade are worn, and with them fine stockings of the same hue. A touch of colour may be introduced by a buttonhole, a dress ornament, or sometimes by the hat, and in the latter case, the bag, sunshade, and jewellery must be *en suite*.

Kenneth Durward has built this admirable coat of Harris tweed. It would be ideal for travelling

Ever-useful Coats and Skirts

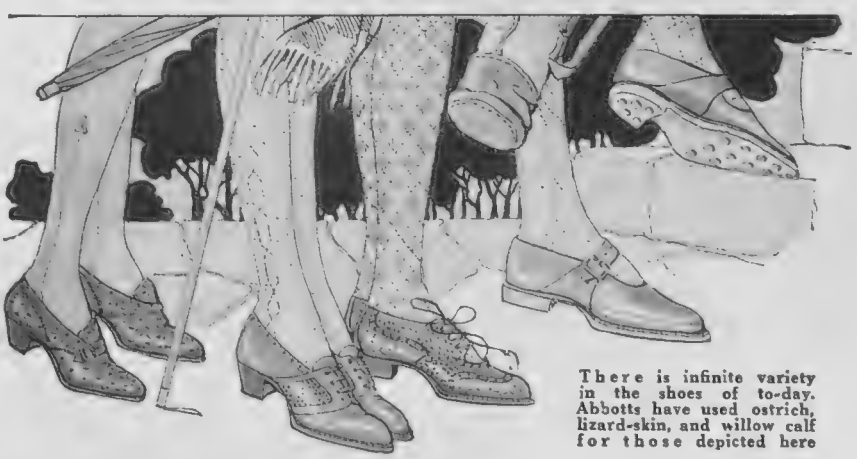
SINCE a tweed coat is always a most desirable and useful acquisition, it would be well to make a note of the fact that the sale at Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street, will continue until the end of this month. Illustrated on this page is the "Aintree" coat, which is made of Harris tweed, and would be ideal for travelling or country wear. During the sale tweed coats will be available from £3, for which sum may also be obtained some admirably cut suits in a variety of styles and colours. Leather coats from £6, Rugger coats—made from rugs, and consequently very light and warm—for 2½ guineas, and fur-trimmed wraps which have been very much reduced in price afford excellent opportunities for the thrifty woman.

Charming Country Hats

TO contemplate the acquisition of a country hat is to at once think of the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, for here there may always be found a large selection of charming millinery at most moderate prices. Sketched at the head of this page are three admirable examples. The first is a rather dignified shape destined for women who like their clothes to have an air of importance. Of reindeer felt, it is obtainable in many colours and in large fittings. It costs 21*s*. Next comes a comfortable pull-on in stitched homespun, which is available for the same price. Lastly, there is a neat little cloche shape, which may be secured in a large variety of colours and in small fittings, for the sum of 10*s*. 6*d*.

Well-cut Walking Shoes

NOTHING is more important than comfortable walking shoes, and in this class of footwear particularly everything depends upon the cut. On this page are sketched four suggestions from Abbotts, 82, Regent Street. The first are of ostrich skin, which is extremely durable, and they cost 35*s*. Next comes a pair carried out in brown willow, with insets of lizard skin. These are priced at 42*s*.



There is infinite variety in the shoes of to-day. Abbotts have used ostrich, lizard-skin, and willow calf for those depicted here

Phyllis Earle's Motor Cream and her special green face powder will banish that look of blueness induced by the cold weather, and will protect the skin against all inclemencies

Thirdly, there is a pair of grey lizard Ghillie shoes, which are available for 55*s*., and lastly, a pair of golf shoes in brown, with Uskide soles, cost only 25*s*.

Complexion Care in Winter

To be cold is bad enough. But to *look* cold is absolutely fatal to beauty. The dreadful purply-blue hue which gives such a drawn appearance to the face adds years to one's apparent age and detracts from the effectiveness of even the loveliest clothes. The remedy is so simple too. Just a touch of Phyllis Earle's special green face powder, used after the application of her motor face cream, and not only can one rejoice in the knowledge that one's skin has a soft and delicate bloom, but one knows that it is being protected against even the most inclement weather. Those whose colour is naturally rather too high should always use this powder, and in the evening it is invaluable for everybody. Many women are flocking to Phyllis Earle's Salons at 32, Dover Street, and 15, North Audley Street, in order to take advantage of her treatments for freshening the skin and banishing the disastrous results of the fogs from which we have lately suffered so much.

MISS HELEN McKIE

the well-known "Bystander" artist, on and from February 6, will feature each week on these pages ***the very latest dress design,*** selected from the most exclusive models in the leading London or Paris couturiers.

EVERY woman who wants to see the LATEST will watch these pages.

Tailored Dressing-gowns

A new note is characterising the dressing-gowns of to-day, according to the word of Madame James, 5, Old Burlington Street, whose pronouncements on such matters are always listened to with great interest. They are made on tailored lines, and in shape are very like the simple wrap-coats in which we shall greet the Spring. Sketched at the foot of this page is one which has been carried out in translucent sea-green taffeta, lined with the same fabric in a primrose hue. Neatly quilted, it is very light and warm, and it costs 4½ guineas. A reversible model was made of black satin lined with coloured crêpe de Chine, each side being similarly embroidered. Beautiful lingerie, pyjamas, and tea-gowns may be seen in these salons, but it must be borne in mind that Madame James is a well-known corsetiere, who can coax even the most unpromising figure into lovely lines, giving it support without restriction.

Pleasant Tidings from Piccadilly Circus

Remarkable bargains may still be found at Swan and Edgar's in Piccadilly Circus, whose winter sale continues until the end of this month. Particularly attractive are the offers among the evening frocks, which positively clamour for a place among the festivities of 1929. Smart satin ones with graceful fluted skirts are obtainable for £5, while those of silk lace, suitable for dinner or dance wear, are 98*s*. 6*d*. These have full flared skirts also, and are finished in front with crystal buckles. Well-tailored model tweed coats, collared with marmot, cost 84*s*., or in face cloth trimmed with moleskin, 80*s*. Plain coats in various tweeds, excellently cut, are obtainable from 60*s*. Neither must the coat-frocks be neglected. A group of these created in navy blue or black satin or heavy rep are offered at 84*s*.

The severity of the shape of this delightful dressing-gown is used as a foil for the beauty of the sea-green and primrose taffeta of which it is made. From Madame James

Sketches by Beta

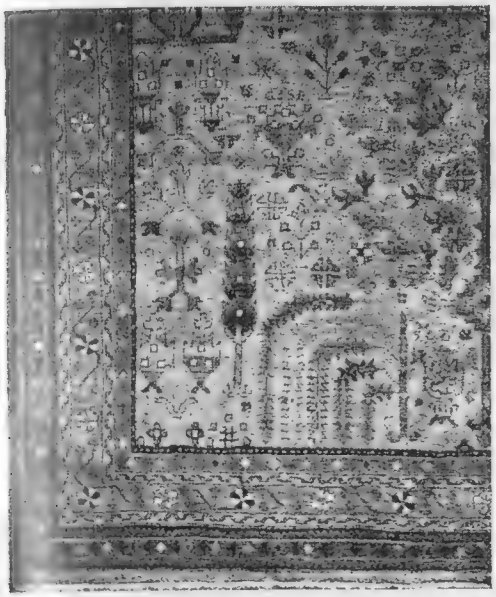
TO-DAY and until 31ST inst.

HAMPTONS' GREAT Furnishing SALE

secures to every purchaser values in Home Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example :*

The carpet illustrated herewith is a typical example of Hamptons'

EXTRA FINE FANCY TURKEY CARPETS



Lot No. 453c. Hamptons, being direct importers, are always able to offer the most attractive values in these finely woven deep pile carpets, which are strongly recommended for use where the wear is exceedingly hard.

Every carpet in this lot is identical in quality with those sold by Hamptons all the year round and at the reduction specified they afford very exceptional value. The stock comprises a great variety of colourings and designs. The range of sizes in various designs is very great. Examples of these are quoted below :—

Reduced from						to		
ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
8	0×5	1	..	8	18	6	7	12	0
9	0×6	0	..	11	17	0	10	1	6
9	7×6	9	..	14	3	6	12	1	0
9	11×7	1	..	15	8	0	13	2	0
10	0×7	10	..	17	4	0	14	12	6
10	4×7	0	..	15	17	6	13	10	0
10	6×8	11	..	20	10	6	17	9	0
11	1×8	2	..	19	17	0	16	17	6

Reduced from						to		
ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
11	10×	9	2 ..	23	15	6	20	4	0
12	6×10	2	..	27	18	0	23	14	6
12	8×10	10	..	30	2	0	25	12	0
12	11×11	10	..	33	10	6	28	10	0
13	6×	9	10 ..	29	2	6	24	15	6
13	11×12	0	..	36	13	0	31	3	6
14	1×10	0	..	30	18	0	26	5	6

Reduced from						to		
ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
14	10×11	10	..	38	10	6	32	15	0
15	7×	9	11 ..	33	18	0	28	16	6
15	11×12	2	..	42	9	6	36	2	0
16	9×11	6	..	42	5	6	35	19	0
18	1×13	0	..	51	11	6	43	17	0
19	7×12	7	..	54	2	0	46	0	0
20	10×12	11	..	59	1	6	50	4	6

HAMPTONS' EXTRA FINE QUALITY WILTON CARPETS

Lot No. 456c. The carpets in this lot are guaranteed to be, without exception, of best British manufacture and identical in quality with those sold by Hamptons all the year round. The texture is exceedingly fine and those being cleared at the great reductions specified are mostly reproductions of very handsome Oriental designs.

A number of the most popular sizes, together with the reductions made are :—

Reduced from						to		
ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
9	0×9	0	..	12	0	0	9	12	0
10	6×9	0	..	14	0	0	11	4	0

Reduced from						to		
ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
12	0×	9	0 ..	16	0	0	12	16	0
12	0×11	3	..	20	0	0	16	0	0

Reduced from						to		
ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
13	6×11	3	..	22	10	0	18	0	0
15	0×11	3	..	26	0	0	20	0	0

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AT SHOBY CROSS-ROADS.

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M. SERVAIS

THE GOURMET: *Conducted by EMILIA*

L'Elixir aux Bêches de Mer.
Le Velouté Némoralis.

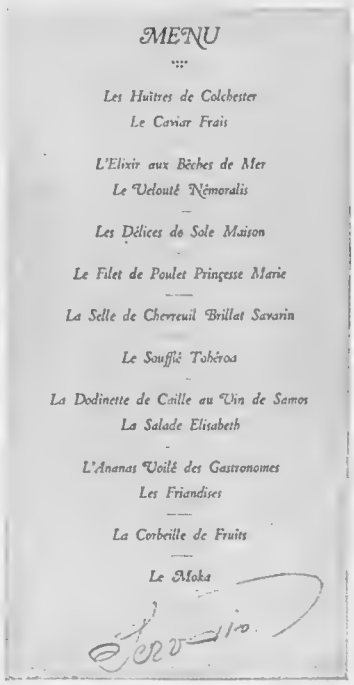
Prepare one and one half pints of delicate and rather fine fish *velouté*. Trim fifteen or twenty snails, toss them in butter without letting them acquire any colour, and set them to poach for ten minutes in two tablespoonfuls of white wine and juice of a lemon. Pound them in mortar, add resulting *purée* to *velouté*, set to simmer for seven or eight minutes, and rub through tammy. Heat *velouté* and finish it with ordinary leason and one and a half ounces of best butter when dishing. Do not garnish.

Les Délices de Sole Maison.

Fold the fillets of soles over, and poach them in fish fumet and the cooking liquor of mushrooms. Arrange in an oval dish with tails pointing inwards, place a fine slice of truffle and small raviolis in the centre of each fillet. Remove dish from oven and set in centre a fine heap of very green asparagus heads, covered with butter at the moment of serving. Serve with white wine sauce and tomatoes.

Le Filet de Poulet Princesse Marie.

Sauté the fillets in butter at the last moment, put them on the garnish, sprinkle with nut-brown butter, garnish asparagus truffle.



The menu prepared by M. Servais, Maitre d'Hotel of the Hyde Park Hotel, on the occasion of the 24th Annual Banquet of the Reunion des Gastronomes

La Selle de Chevreuil Brillat Savarin.

Lard and roast the venison. Set it on a long dish, and surround it with artichokes—bottoms garnished with chestnuts cooked in a small quantity of *consommé* and glazed. Serve a venison sauce separately.

Le Soufflé Tohéroa.

Make preparation of *soufflé* combined with two tablespoonfuls of Tohéroa cream per pint, prepared after the manner of lobster cream, and put in a buttered timbale in alternate layers separated by litters of sliced truffle and tails. Cook in ordinary *soufflé* manner.

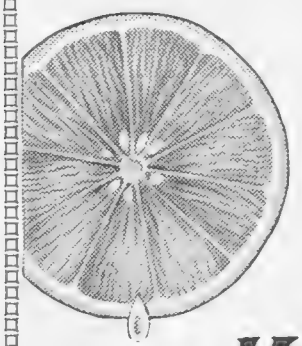
La Dodinette de Caille au Vin de Samos.
La Salade Elisabeth.

Divide quails into two along the back, and do not separate the two halves, season them, and sprinkle them with melted butter and finely chopped truffle. Wrap each quail in piece of pig's caul, sprinkle again, and grill gently. Dish and sprinkle with a few drops of Samos wine.

Salade.—Avocado pear cut in two, core removed and filled with *céleri*, apple and French dressing.

L'Annas Voilé des Gastronomes.

Take fresh pineapple and cut a slice from top, containing a bunch of leaves. Withdraw pulp from inside and leave a thickness of about half an inch all round and on the bottom. Fill with a *macédoine* of Passion fruit macerated in Kirsch, set in centre of a crystal bowl, and surround the base with a crown of fine Montreuil peaches poached in vanilla-flavoured syrup, alternated by large strawberries macerated in Kirsch. Then return leaves to place on pineapple.



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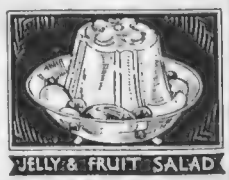

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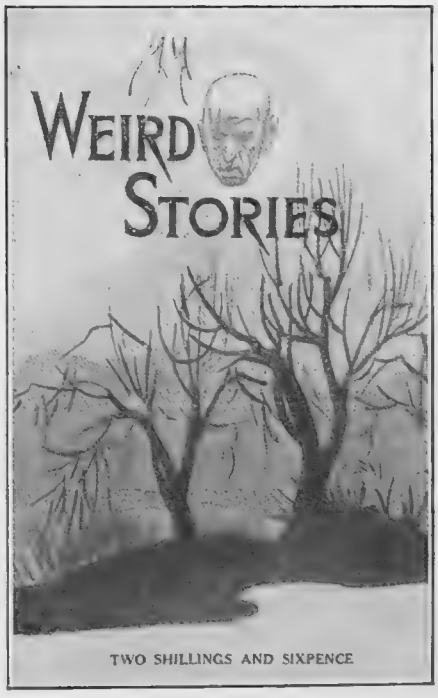

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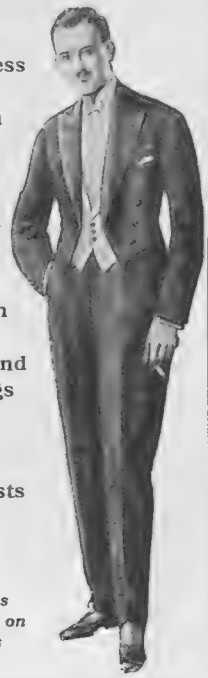

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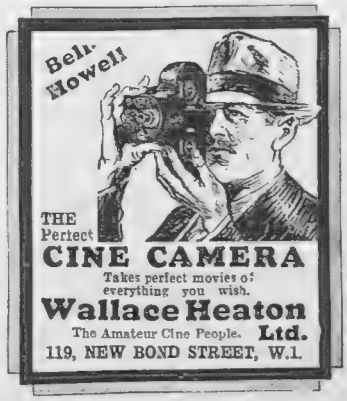

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During the past eight years Mr. T. Michael Pope, by means of a notebook at his side during assiduous reading, has collected nearly 3,000 different quotations from the works of well-known writers, dealing with the art of eating and drinking. These quotations, one for each day of the year, figure in a neat pocket diary called "A Gourmet's Year," issued by the Trocadero and given to diners on New Year's Eve. This is its eighth year of publication, and the quotations are as apt as ever, in particular that of G. K. Chesterton: "In a world without humour the only thing to do is to eat."

Sir John Martin-Harvey in the headdress he wore when he was invested as a Chief of the Sarcee Indian when he toured Canada. He is reviving "The Only Way," the "Lyons Mail" and other plays at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where he started a season on Monday, January 21

The new covered-in swimming pool, which is the latest addition to the Palace Hotel, Torquay. This swimming pool, which is for the free use of visitors, is 7 feet 6 inches deep at the deep end and 4 feet at the shallow. It also has diving boards at various heights, a chute and gymnasia, and at night is electrically illuminated

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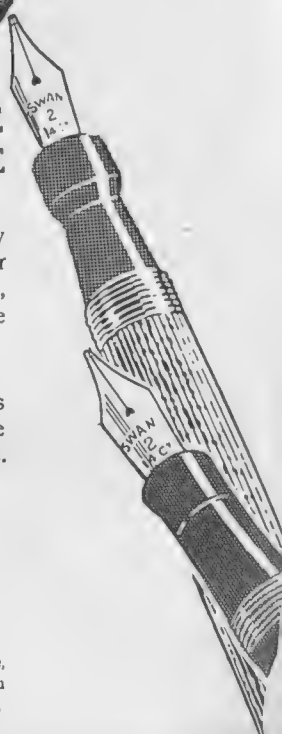

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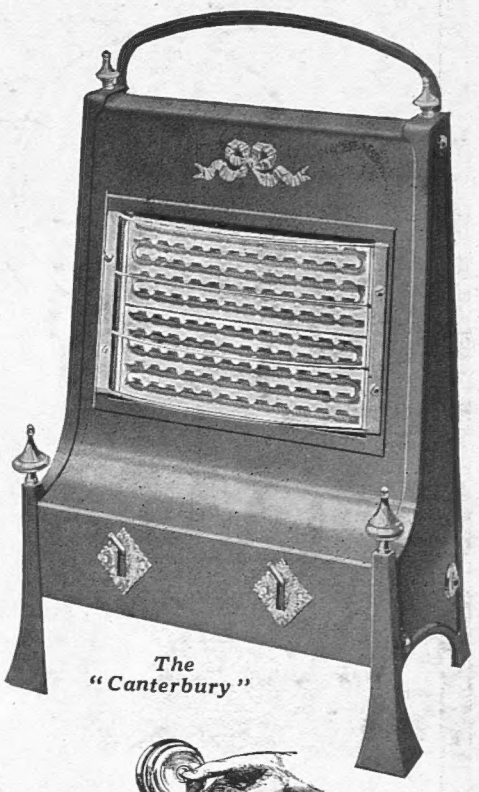

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